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NICOLETTE

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ROMANTIC COMIC OPERA

BASED UPON THE OLD FRENCH ROMANCE OF AUCASSIN & NICOLETE

BOOK

R. A. BARNET

LYRICS & MUSIC

CHARLES EUGENE HAMLIN

WHITE-SMITH MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

NICOLETTE

A Romantic Comic Opera

Based upon the old French Romance of
AUCASSIN and NICOLETTE

Book by
R. A. BARNET

Music and Lyrics by
CHARLES EUGENE HAMLIN

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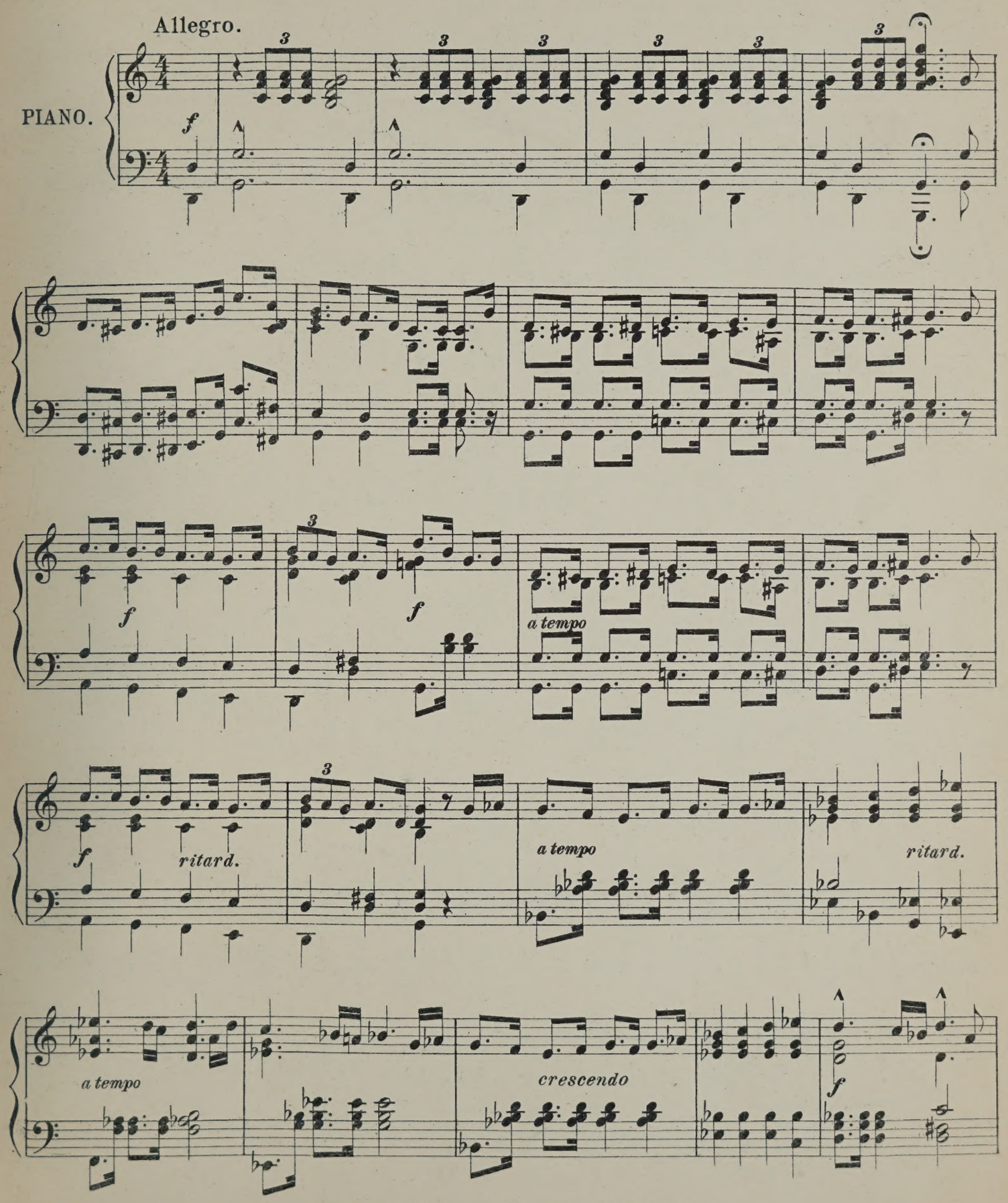
NICOLETTE.
Overture.

No. 1.

C.E.HAMLIN.



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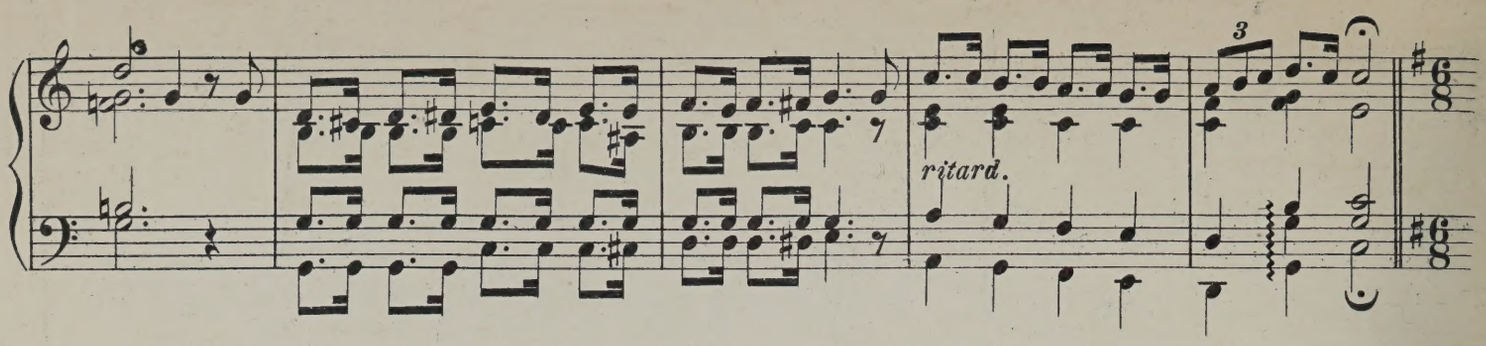
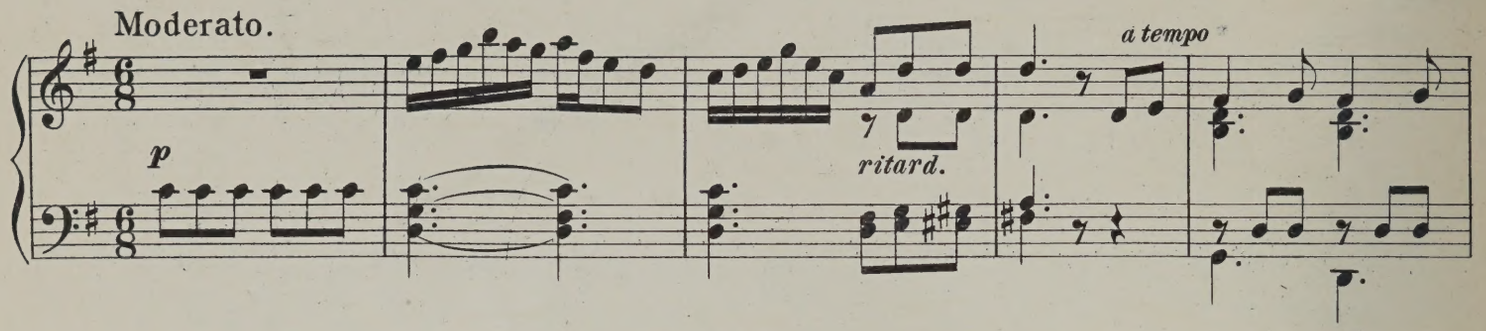
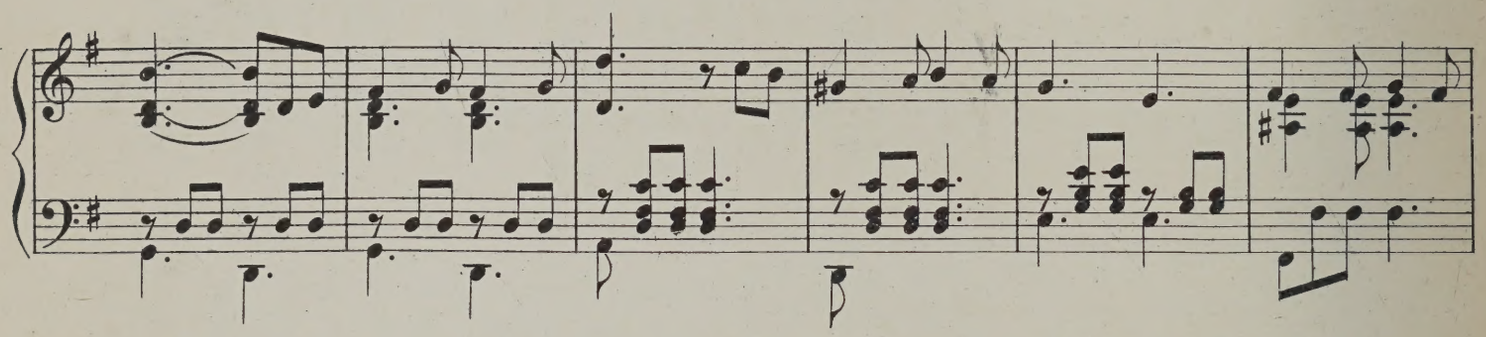
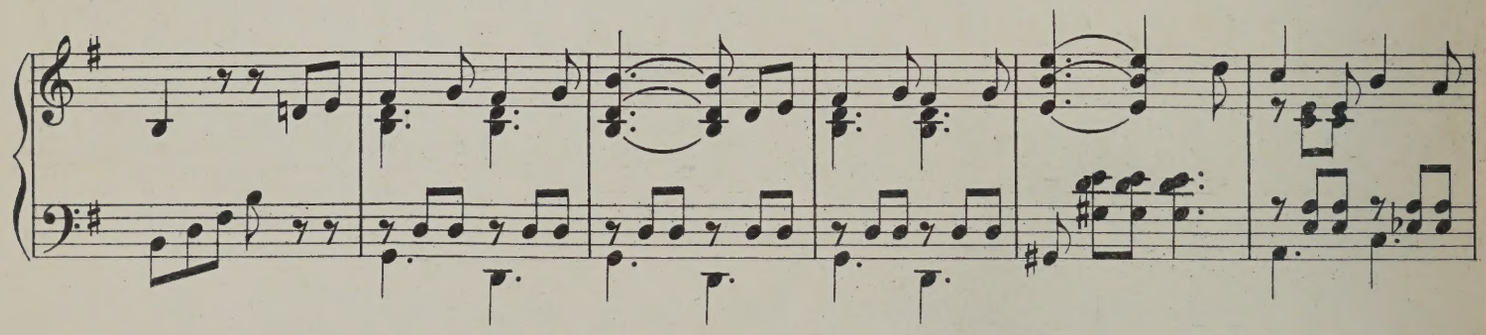
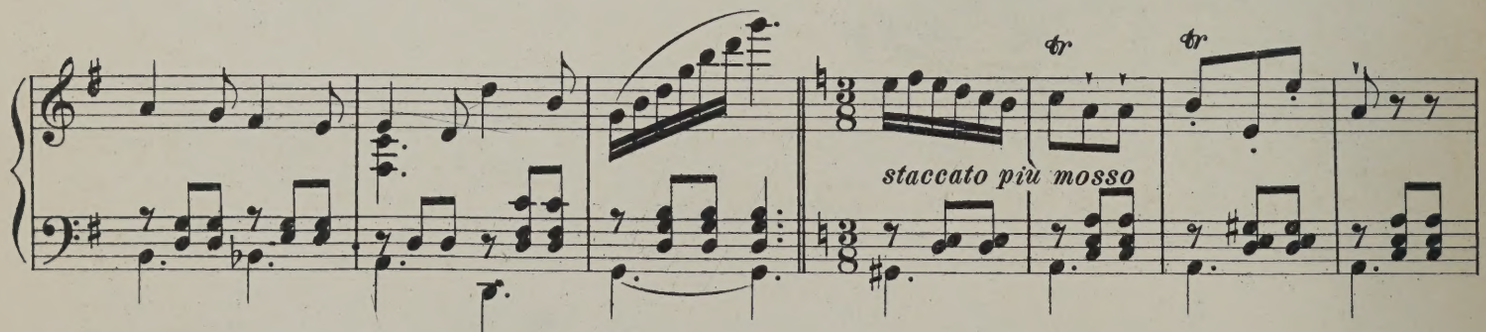


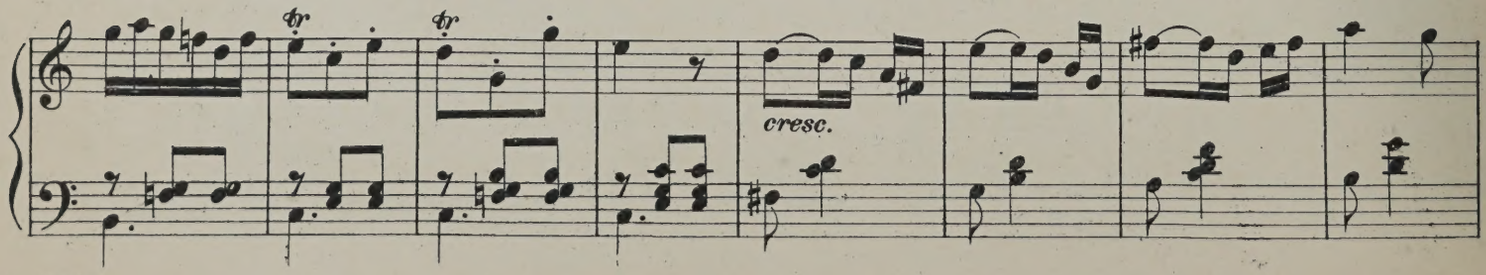
Moderato.

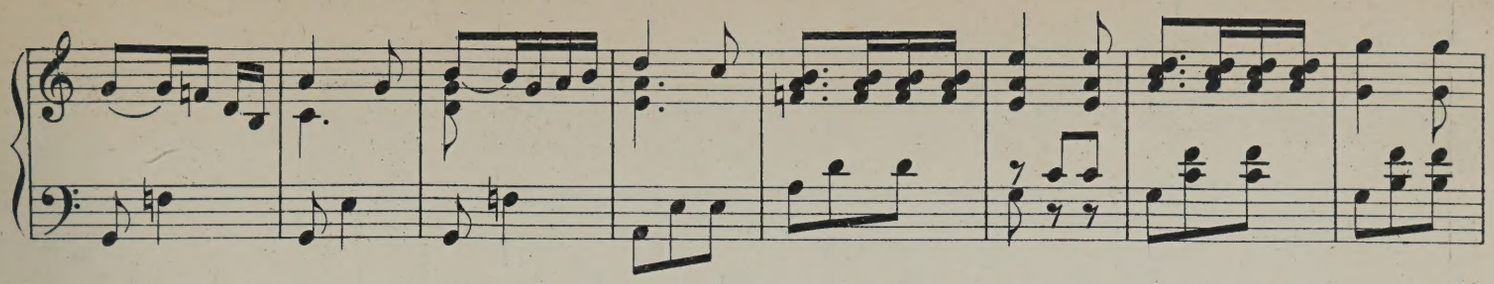


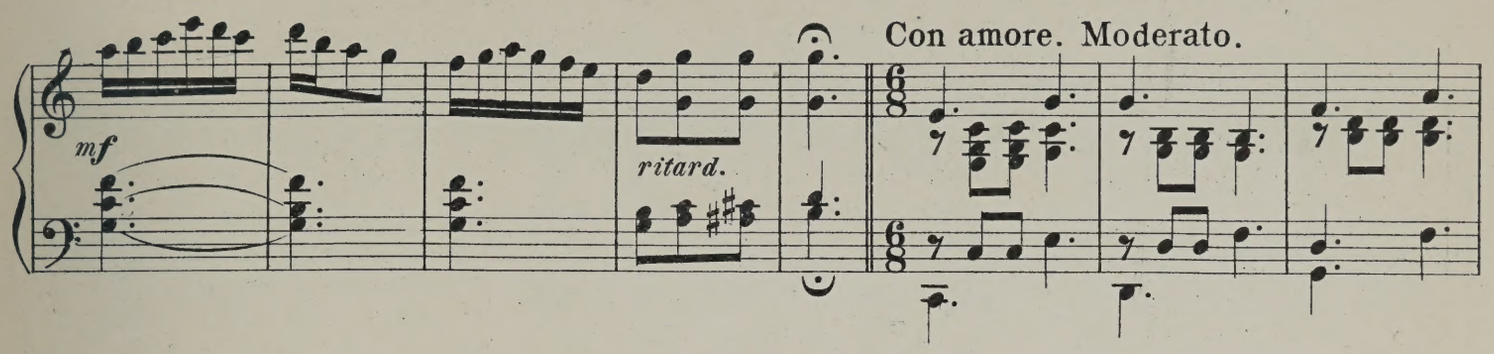


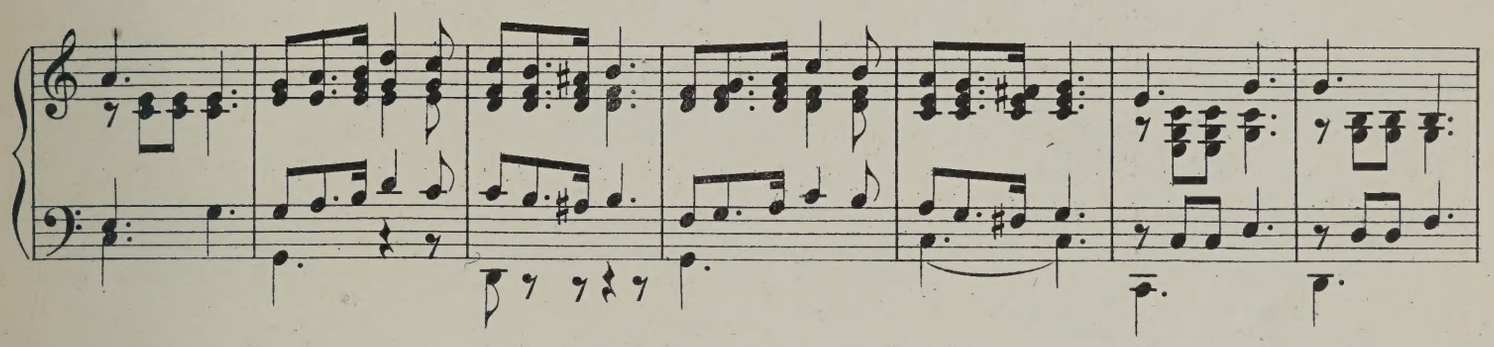


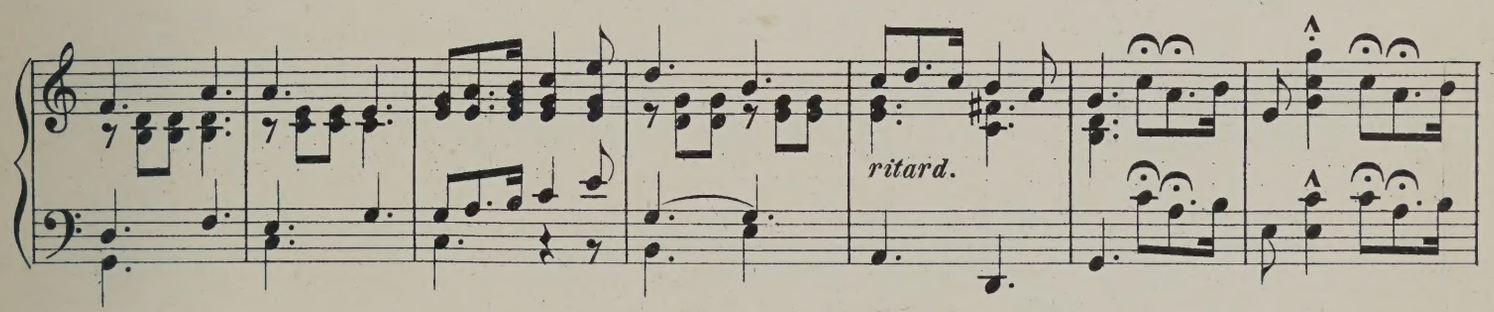


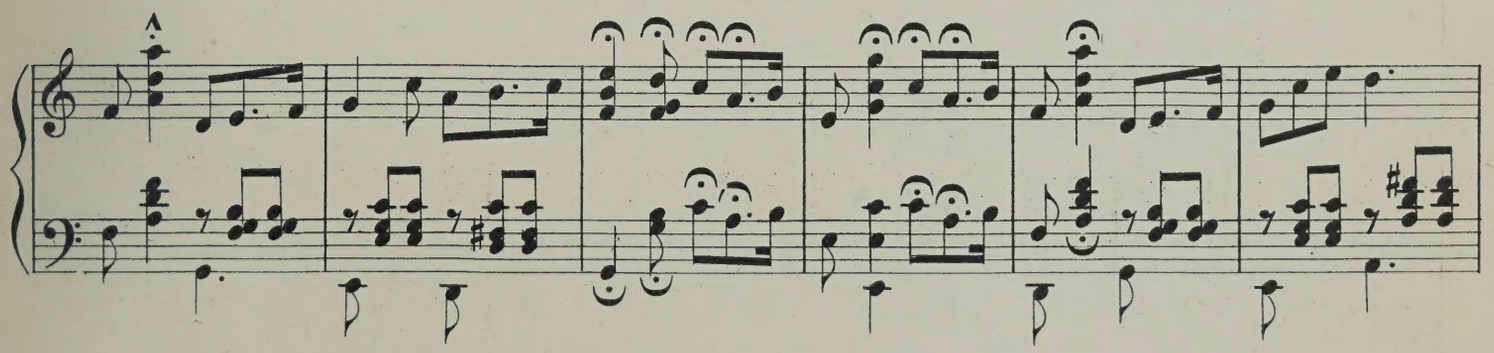


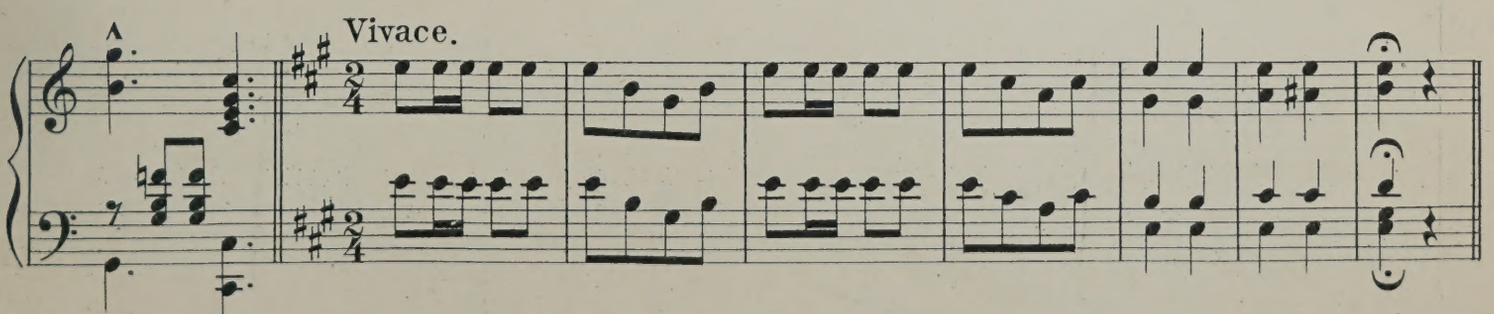


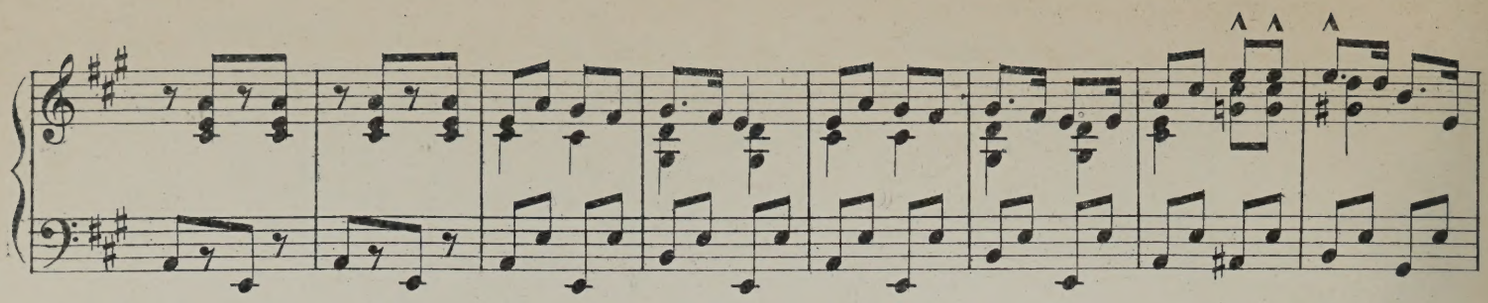

mf
ritard.
Con amore. Moderato.

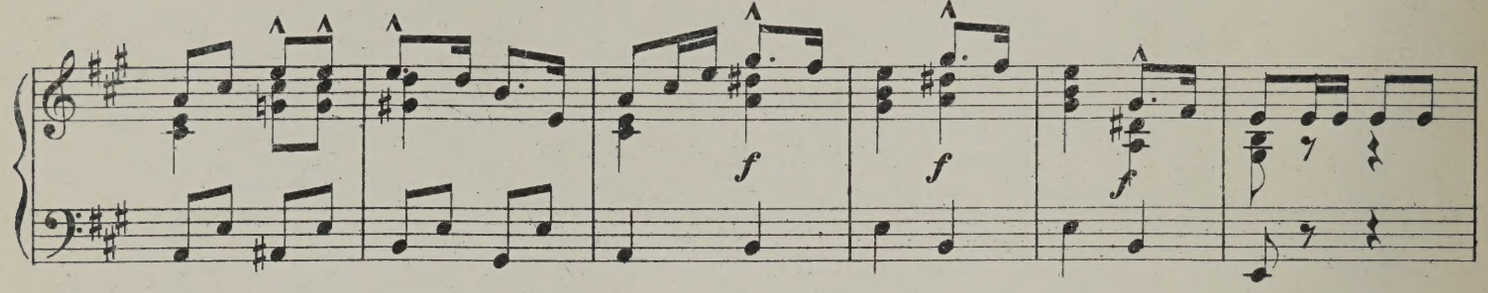


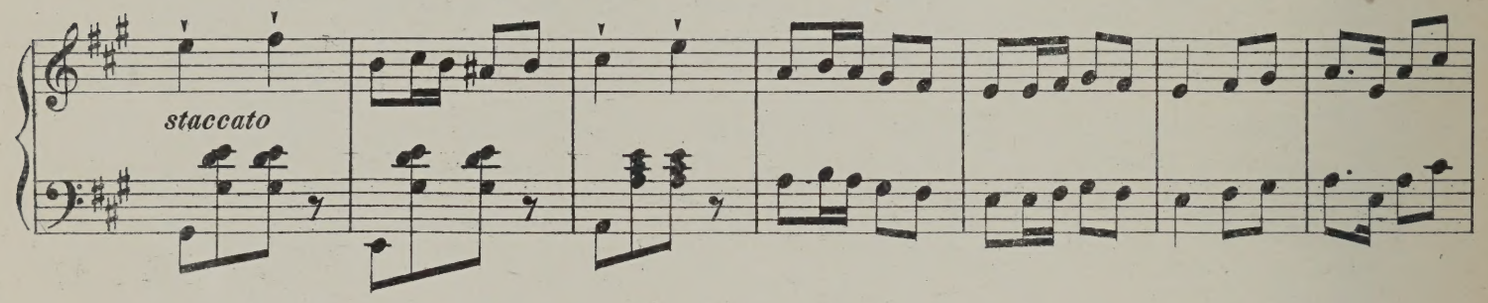

ritard.

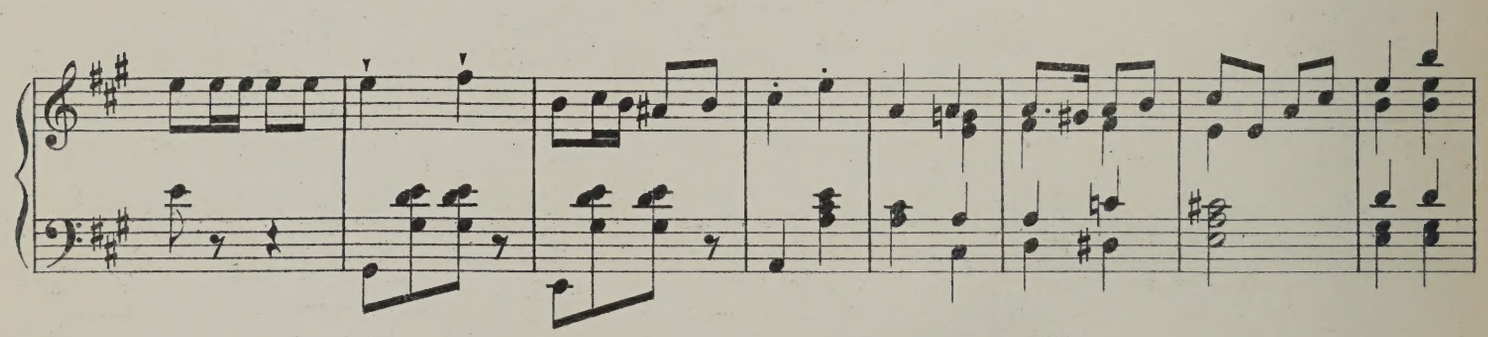


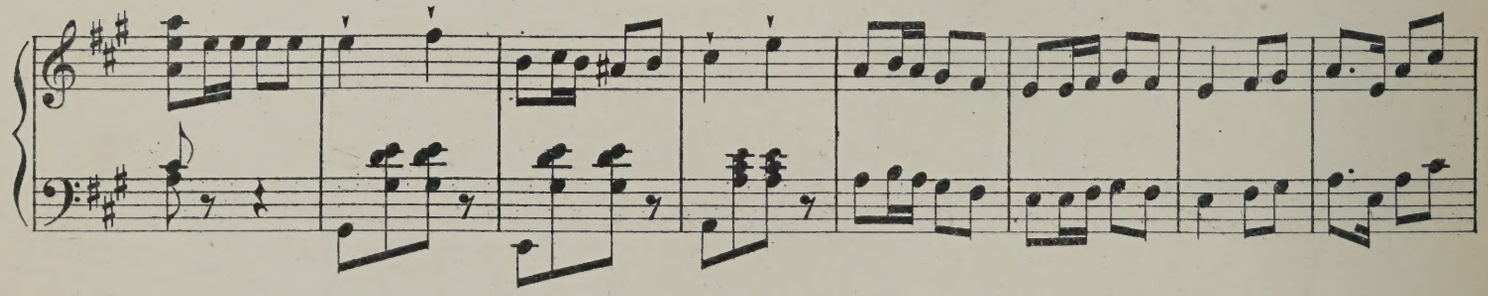

Vivace.

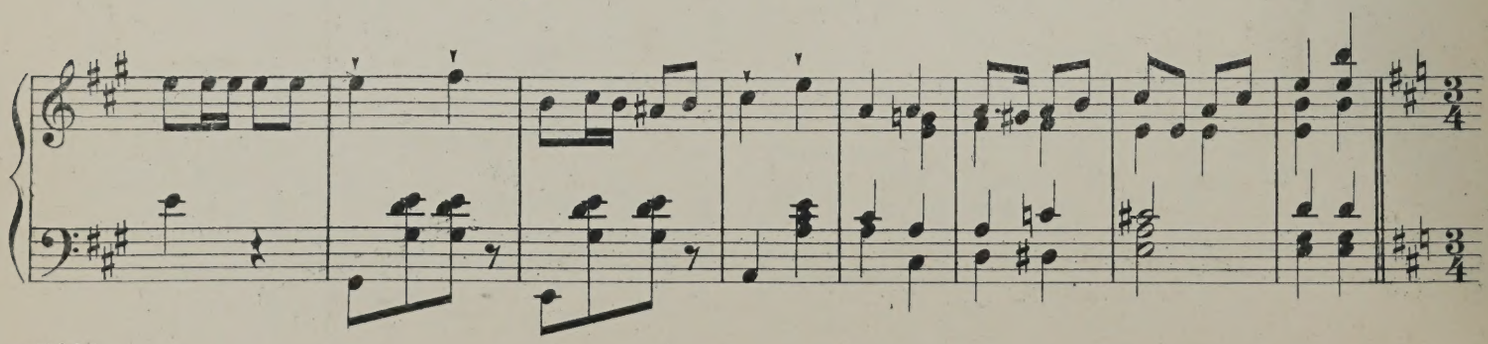



f
f
f


staccato





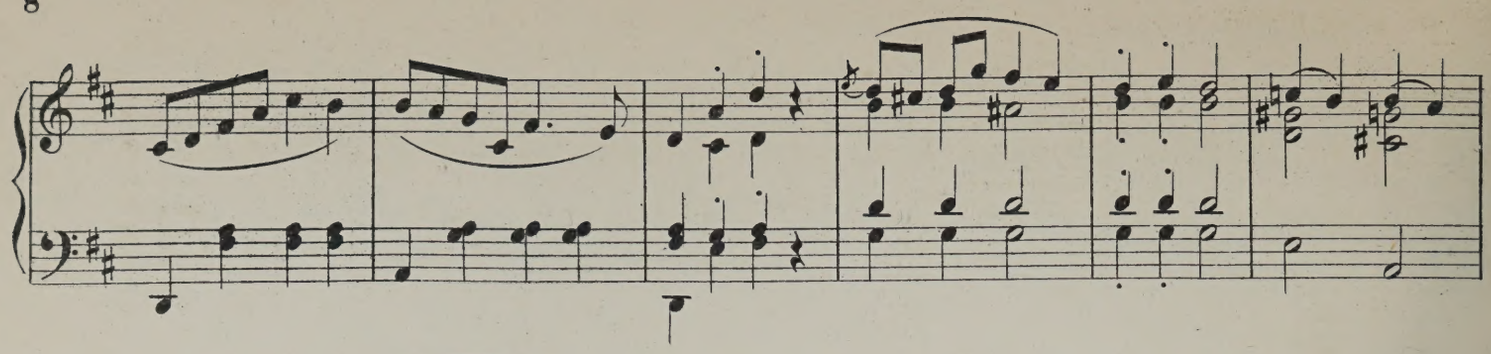


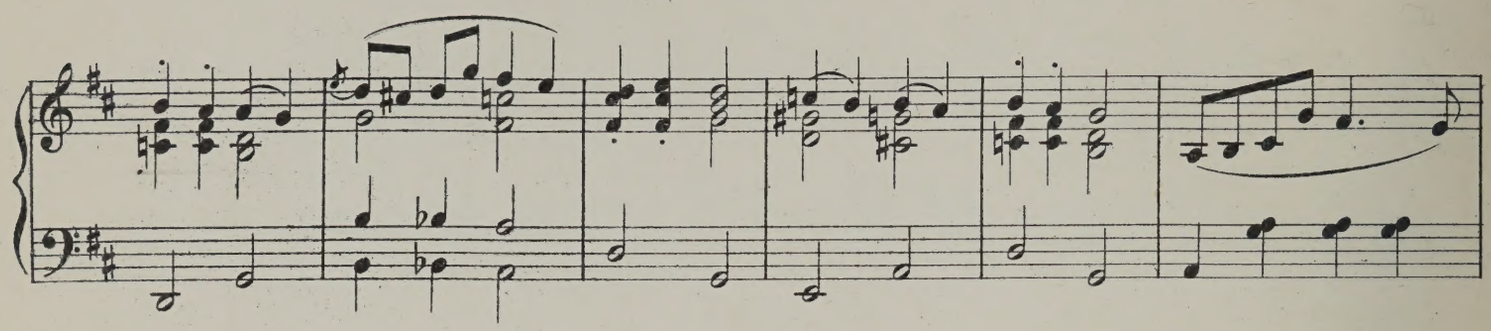
Andante amoroso.

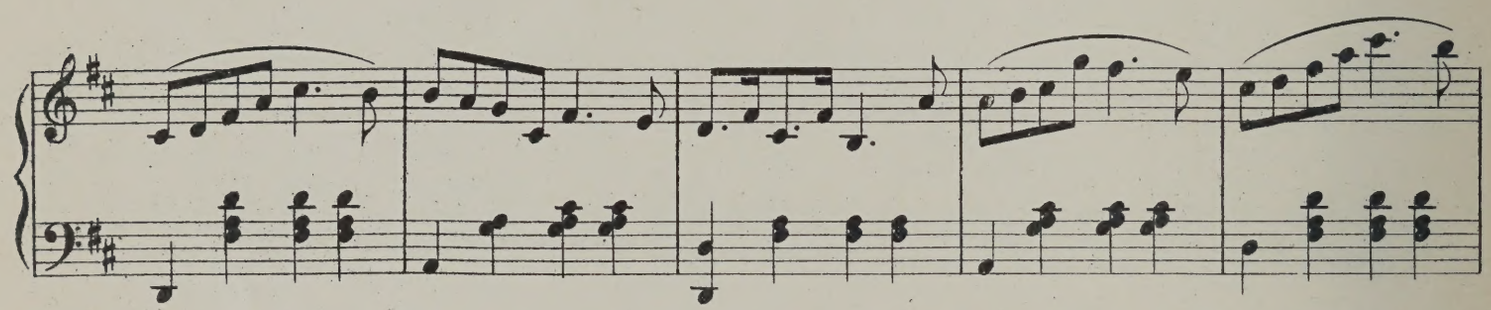
f *dim.*

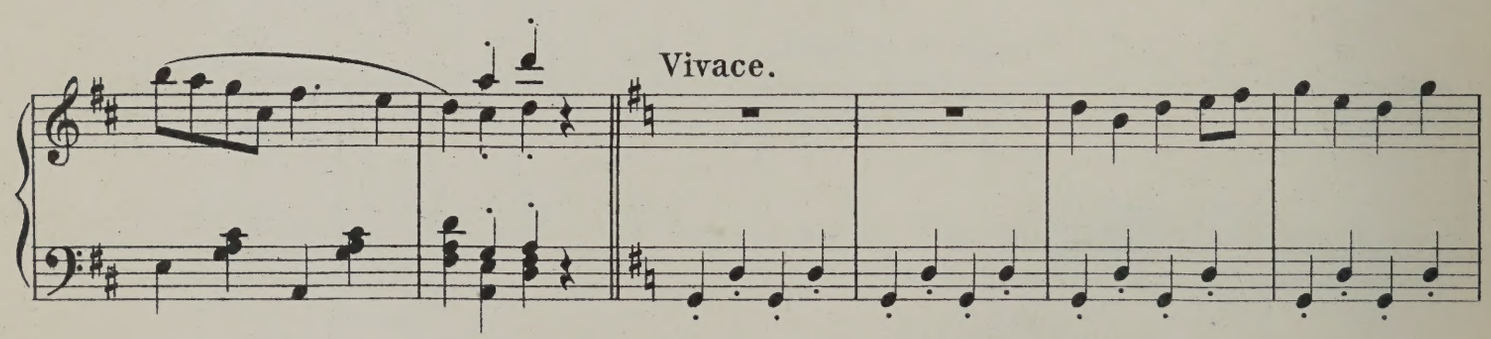
ritard. *ritard.*

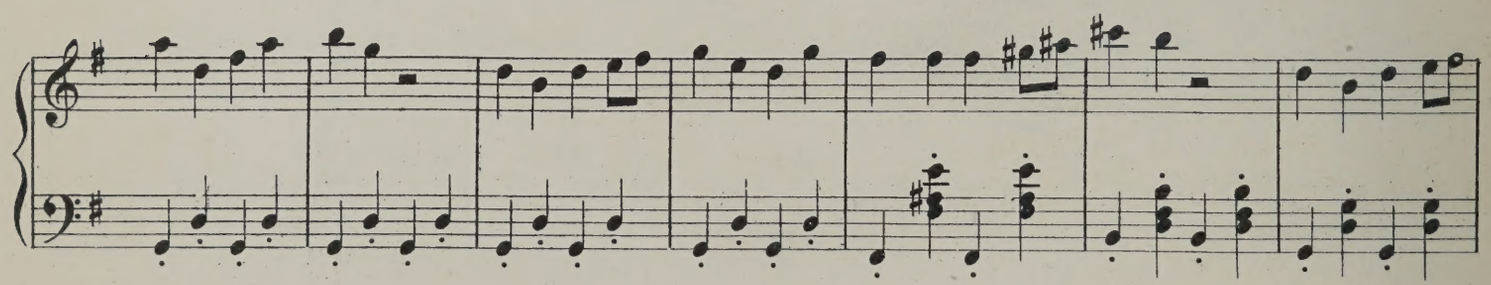
Tempo di Gavotte.

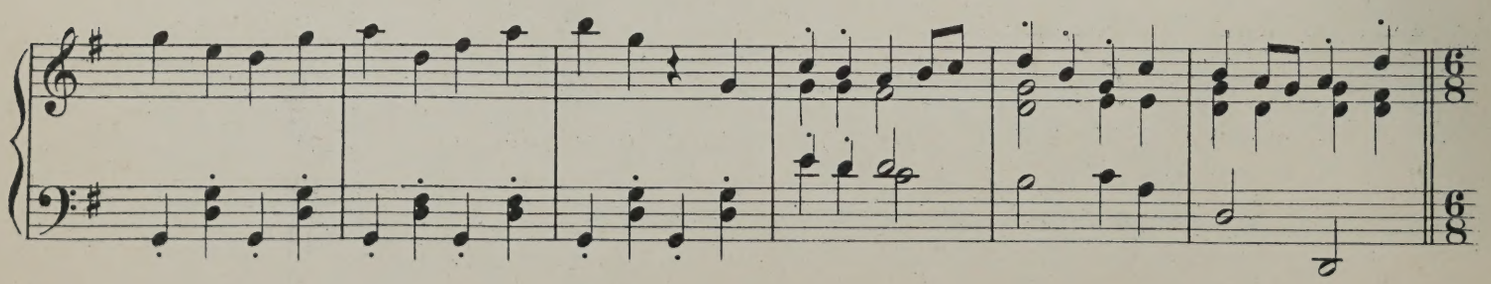




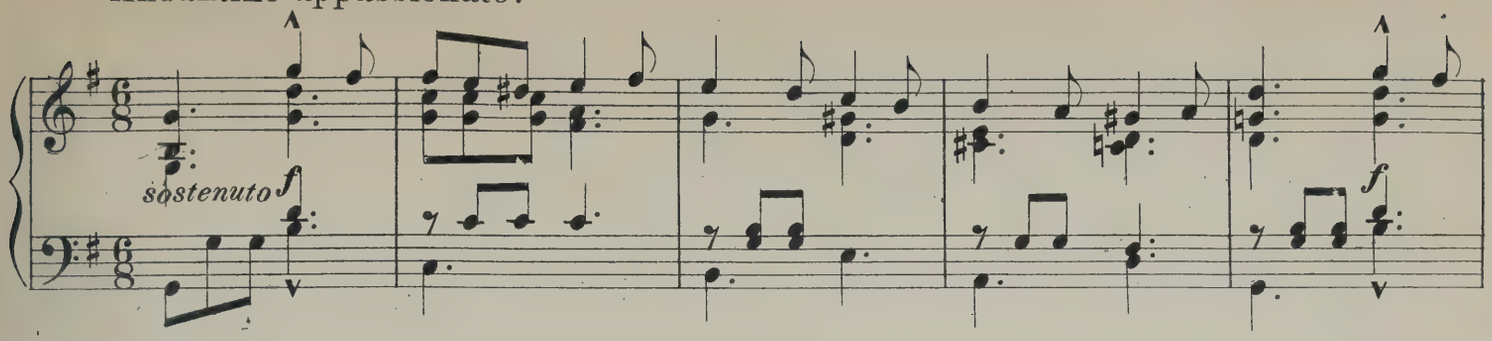


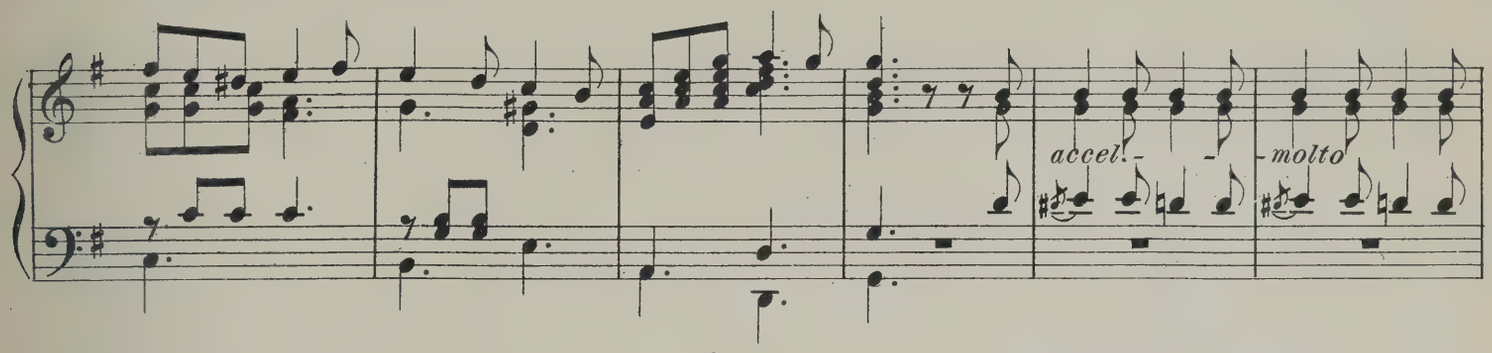

Vivace.

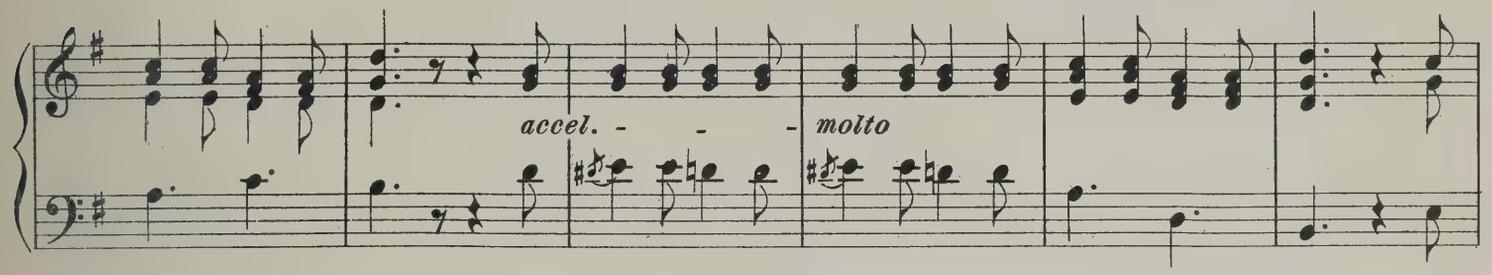


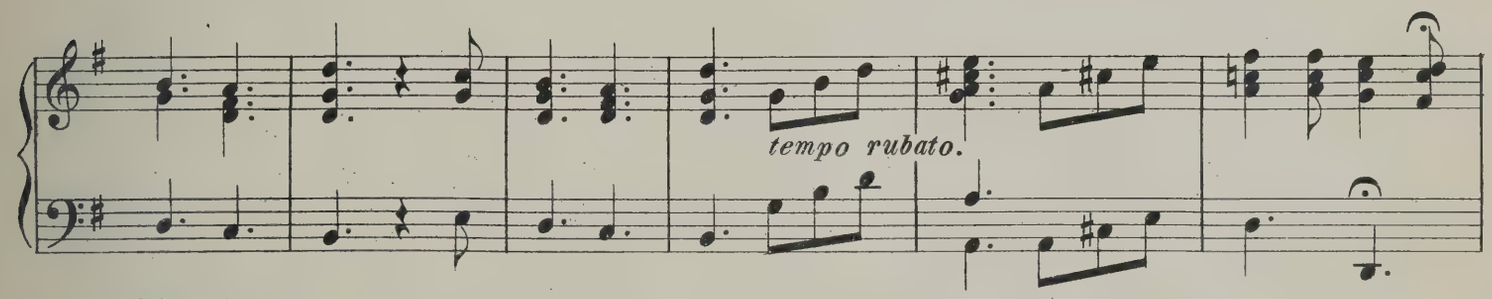


Andantino appassionato.

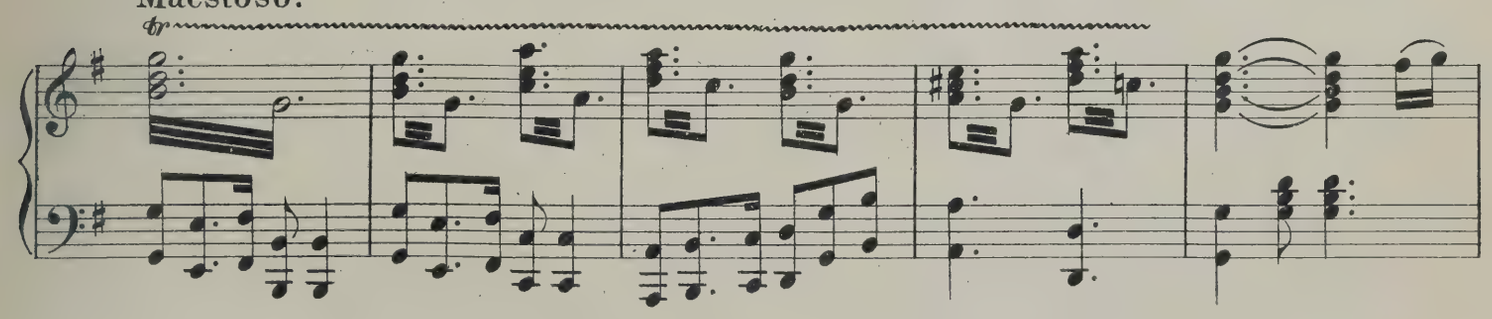


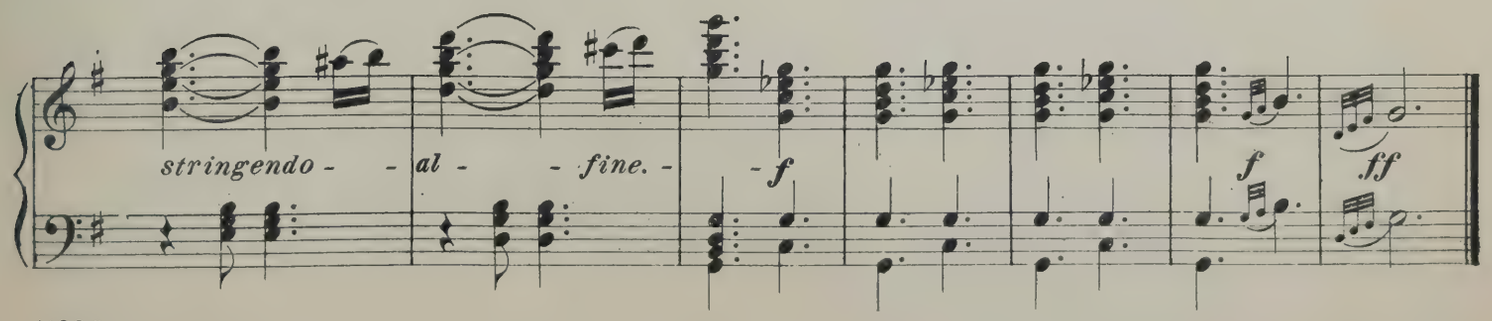






Maestoso.

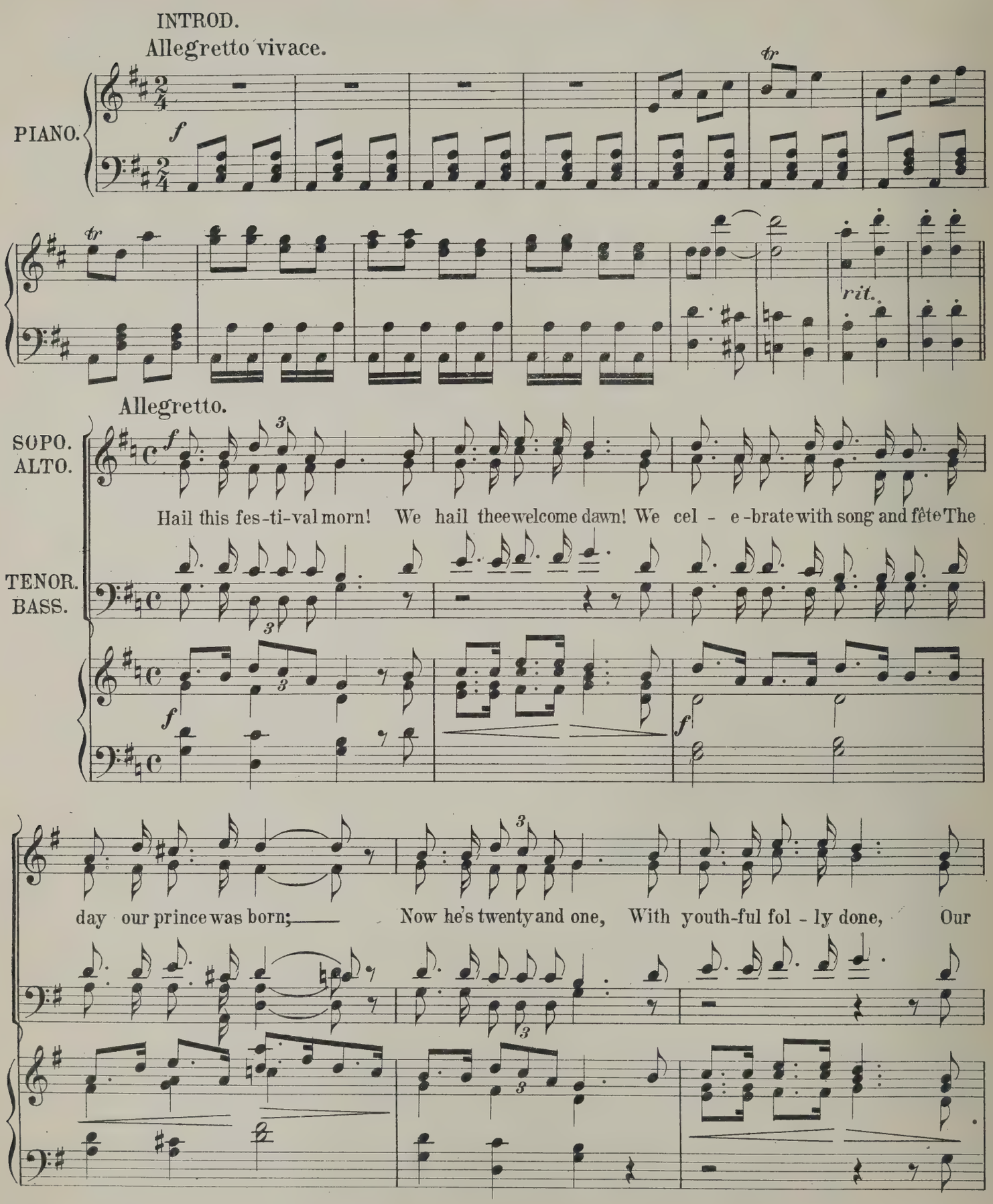




ACT I.

Hail, this Festival Morn.

No. 1. CHORUS AND SOLO.



a tempo.

MEN.

Au -cas-sin a Duke is crowned His reign is just be-gun. Hap - py all the girls will be

a tempo.

f

WOMEN.

getting a chance with Roy-al- tee, Hap-py all the men will be, Bowed to by Roy- al - ty,

TUTTI.

Hap - py then we all will be, Whether of high or low de-gree, We pledge our faith to Au - cas-sin Long

f

may he hap-py be. Hail this fes-ti-val morn! The day our prince was born!

For the Duke of old Beaucaire Your greet-ing now prepare. Hail our Prince! Of Beaucaire

Hail our Prince! Of Beaucaire Hail to the Duke! Hail to the Duke of old Beau-caire.

f *ff* *ff* *ff*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

WOMEN.

Now to dance a measure all to-geth-er, Touch the ground as light-ly as a feather.

mf

Now a glance to left and now a glance to right, Curt-sy then with grace

MEN.

Soon the hun-ter's horn we'll hear a ring-ing, Let us meet them gai-ly, Danc-ing, sing-ing,

TUTTI.

For in this the day of joy and pride Care shall find no place. Ring the

bells in ev-'ry stee-ple, Call to - geth-er all the peo-ple! Hither comes our master rid-ing, In our

faith-ful love con - fid - ing, Hear the Bu - gle gai - ly sound -ing, Hear the Bu - gle sound!

CHORUS.

SOPRANO Obligato.

List to the Bu - gle's mer-ry sound o'er the hill — Hith-er our Au - cas - sin is bound,

SOP. ALTO.

Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta!

TENOR. BASS.

f

Greet him with hear-ty will. — The bells in the stee-ple we mer-ri-ly ring, Car-ols of welcome we

Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta!

p *mf* *p*

mer-ri-ly sing, Hith-er our Au - cas - sin is bound, we'll greet him with hear-ty will. —

Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! —

p *p* *p* *p*

MEN.

Off we go, step it so, Light - ly tripping the heel and toe, Whirl your part - ners

f

Ped.

f

MEN AND GIRLS.

Off we go, step it so, Light - ly tripping the heel and toe,

lads and lass-es gay.

f

GIRLS.

Glad - ly mad - ly, Life is ours to-day! Quick now!___ dance along with us

Come now! sing a song with us! Touch the ground light-ly as the bird at play——

GIRL AND MEN.

Old Time shall not hur-ry us! Dull Care shall not wor-ry us! Life is our own to-

day! Yes, life's our own to-day! Yes, life's our own to-day! Yes, life's our own, our own to-day!

Allegretto. MEN AND GIRLS.

Oh, Louise! Oh, read it, please! Read it please, oh dear Lou-ise, Please Louise don't

f Ped.

LOUISE.

make us tease, But read it please Lou-ise! Now stop your chat-ter noi-sy lot

Or I'll read you not a jot! Let me have my way I say or I'll go right a-

TUTTI.

way! Oh! please Lou-ise! Oh! dear Lou-ise! Oh Louise! Please!

f Ped. *f* Ped. *f* rit.

Tempo di Polka.

staccato.

LOUISE.

Twen-ty one and our life's be-gun; Youthful fol-ly and childish fun, Ring round ro-sy

Games are done and Cu-pid's reign be-gins! Ah

CHORUS.

Twenty one is the year of years; All is hope and there

Ped. *

LOUISE.

The world looks gay on the prim-rose way, When you are twen-ty - one!

are no fears;

rit.

a tempo.

Maids beware Cu-pid's snare! When you are twenty - one, be-ware! Ah!

Maids beware Cu-pid's snare!

a tempo.

a tempo. LOUISE.

Now you are twenty-one you're won! In the Spring of Youth the lov-er sighs, love on ev-'ry

a tempo.

p

mf con anima.

hand es-pies Finds a charm in ev-'ry maiden's eyes, When he's twenty - one!

ritard.

Ped.

ritard.

ritard.

SOP. ALTO.

Twen - ty - one Twen - ty - one! The joy of

TEN.

Twen - ty - one Twen - ty - one! The joy of

BASS.

p con anima.

life is on-ly just be - - gun Fair and gay is the

life is on-ly just be - - gun Fair and gay is the

p

prim - rose way When young hearts come to be twen - - ty - one.

prim - rose way When young hearts come to be twen - - ty - one.

I'm such a Remarkable Man.

No. 2. CHICOT AND CHORUS.

Pomposo.

PIANO.

f sempre staccato.

CHICOT.

1. I'm Chic - ot Con-sta-ble of Beaucaire! When
2. am a boss and an ea - sy one too, I

CHORUS.

Beau-caire, Beaucaire, Beaucaire,
Quite true, quite true, quite true,

I ap-pear you would bet-ter be-ware! My
make things high-ly at-trac-tive for you; When I

Be - ware, be-ware, be-ware,
You do you do, you do!

self de-signed the pierc-ing glance That throws the pub-lic in a trance,
have my way I'm gen-er-ous, But when I'm cross'd I'm dan-ger-ous,

Him
When he

I o-rig-i-na-ted the
To be a boss is a

self designed the pierc-ing glane That throws the pub-lic in a trance!
has his way he's gen-er-ous But when he's cross'd he's danger-ous!

craf-ty know-ing smile, I've cop-y-right-ed a
ve-ry sim-ple thing! I'll tell you how to be

most suc-cess - ful wile! For I stand at the top of my call - - ing, My
mon - arch of the ring! Just prac-tice a pull and a leng pull, A

knowledge is sim-ply ap-pal - ling; I nev - er re -veal but al -ways con-ceal, My
pull with a will and a strong pull, And nev - er let slip or loos-en your grip, And

ve - ry simp - lest plan! I'm ful - ly *au fait* in my sta - - tion At
that's the sim - ple plan! I've mas-tered the whole sit - u - a - - tion At

least in my own es - ti - ma - - tion; I'm on to my job of run-ning the mob For I'm
least in my own es - ti - ma - tion; As prin-ci - pal boss I'm nev-er at loss For I'm

such a re-mark-a-ble man!
such a re-mark-a-ble man!

CHORUS.

f

Ah! shrewd old Chi-cot up to ev-'ry plan Ah

f

1. 2.

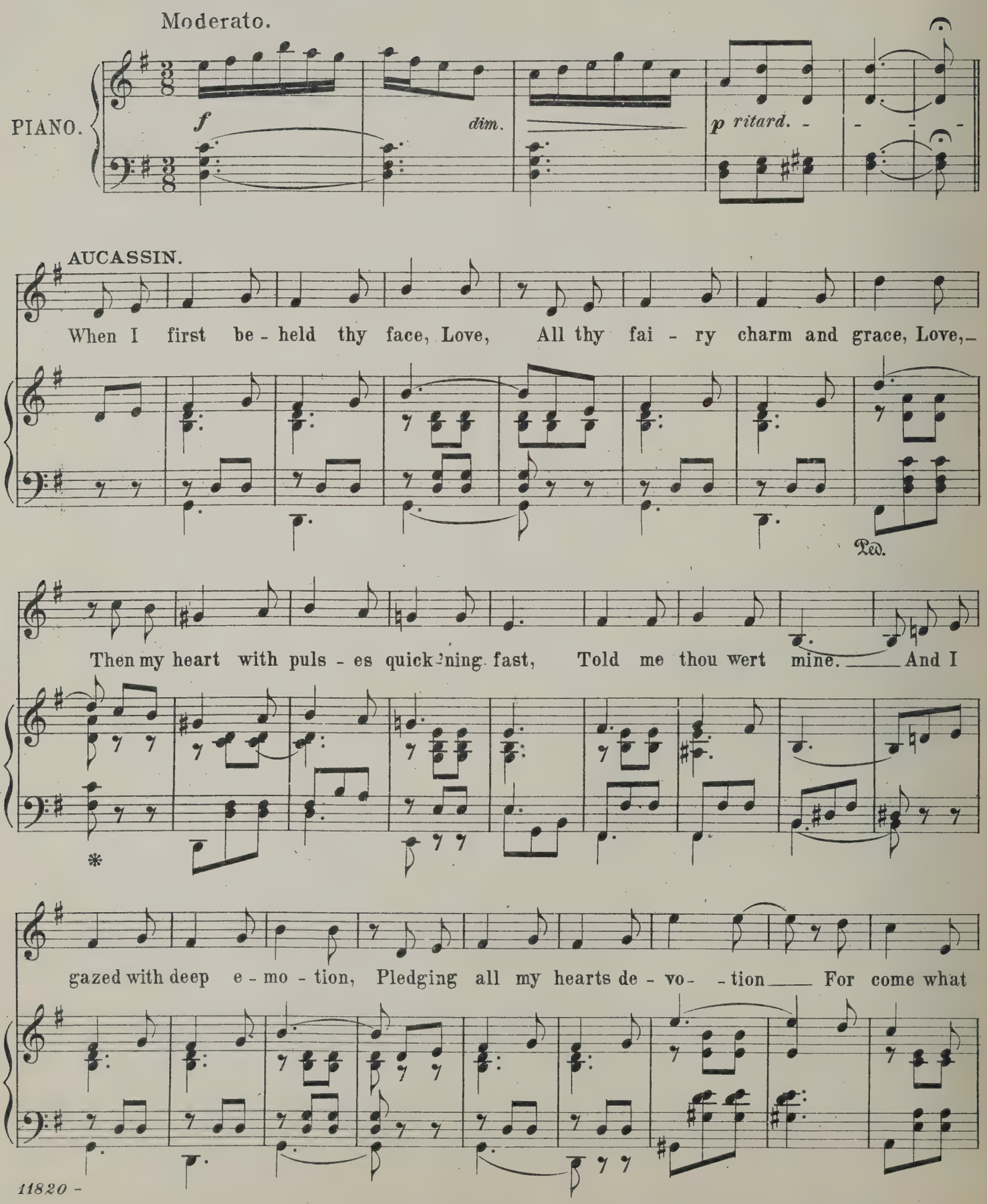
2. I

wise old Chi-cot! Such a clev-er man! Such a clev-er man!

1. 2.

When I First Beheld Thy Face, Love!

No. 3. DUET - AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE.



rit.

may, dark night or day, I am for - ev - er thine!

rit.

NICOLETTE.

I am but a lit-tle country maid simple and free; Love and lovers make me quite a-fraid,

Più mosso.

tr *tr* *tr*

AUCASSIN.

plainly you see. I am very shy, sir_ What shall I re-ply_ sir? Tell me that you

f cresc.

NICOLETTE.

love me As_I tru-ly love thee! Tell me yes or no_ I don't really know!

TUTTI.

Ah, me! List - en to me

Ah, me! List - en to me

AUCASSIN.

Amoroso.

I love none but thee, Be thou true to me!

Gladly I give a true lov-er's heart, Nothing shall ev- - er keep us a - part.

Rank, throne, ti - tle, too, All I give for you,

Joy of my Heart! Thy an - swer now! Tell me that thoult be true!

Ped. * Ped. *

p a tempo a tempo

Stars that are shin - ing, True love di - vin - ing, Smiles on the path that

p a tempo a tempo

a tempo a tempo

brings thee to me Breezes a - sigh - ing, Whisper when dy - ing, Soft-ly that

p a tempo a tempo

I will love none but thee.

1. 2.

1. 2.

rit.

Ped. * Ped. *

Bless the Sword on its Mission grim.

No. 4.

AUCASSIN, NICOLETTE AND TUTTI.

Vivace.

VOICE.

AUCASSIN.

Hear the trumpet call! Lis - ten one and all!

Vivace.

PIANO.

f

Hark to the rol-ling drum and to the standard fly! Flash the sa - bre bare!

NICOLETTE.

Wave it high in air! Lift up the ban-ner high! Let your trusty steel ___ A

blow for honor deal! Forth to the bat-tle where you hear your leader call, The

en - e-my is nigh— Yours to do or die! Forth to the bat-tle now my

sol - diers all! Bless the sword on its mis - sion grim! Lift your

f marcato

voic - es high in our bat - tle hymn! Fol - low brave - ly your

Ped. *

lead - er's call! Now to bat - tle one and all!

Ped. *

TUTTI.

ff

Bless the sword on its mis - sion grim Our voi - ces lift in our

ff

bat - tle hymn! We fol - low glad - ly our lead - er's call In - to

bat - - tle now brave sol - diers all!

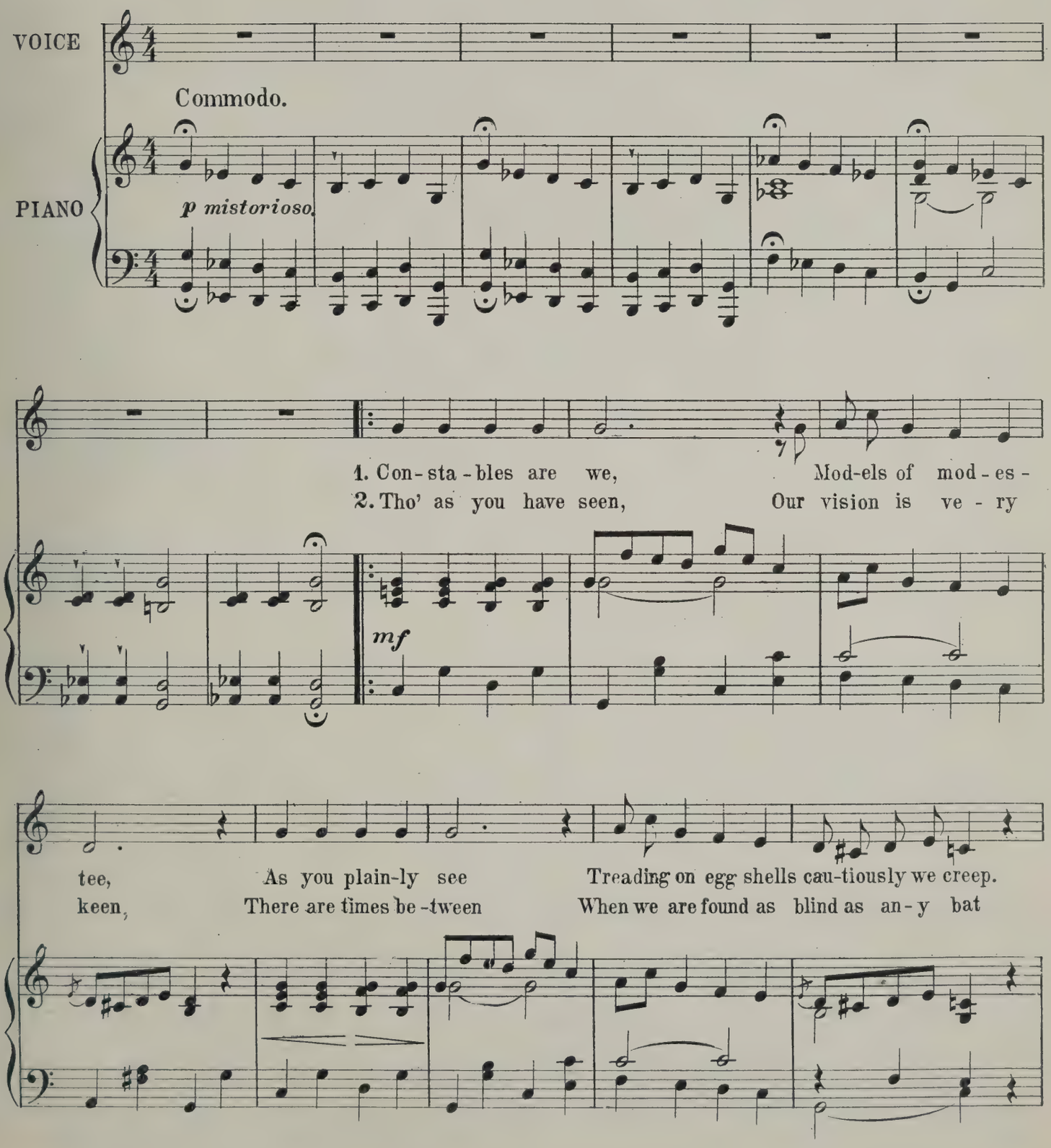
p

pp

We always wear an Air of Mystery.

No. 5.

CHICOT AND WATCH.

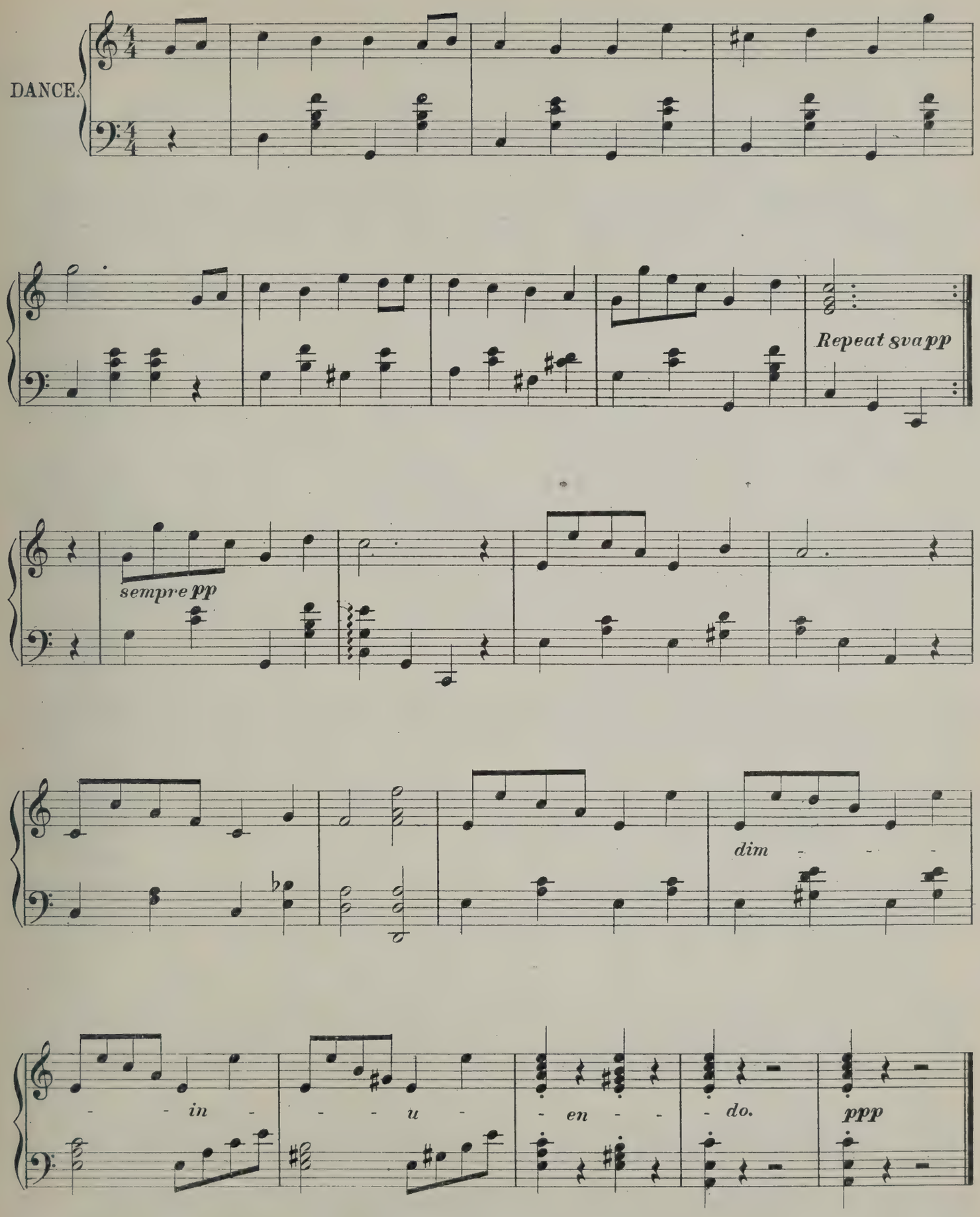


Mum and sly ve - ry wise are we, Full of pleas - ing mys-ter- - ee With a look we
Mum and sly ve - ry wise are we, There are things we can - not see But bear in mind be -

read you like a book And we nev - er nev - er sleep Whist, whist, with a whist, whist, whist! And a
fore we get blind We must know just where we're at

pat, pat, pat, We're 'cute as we can be Whether here or there we

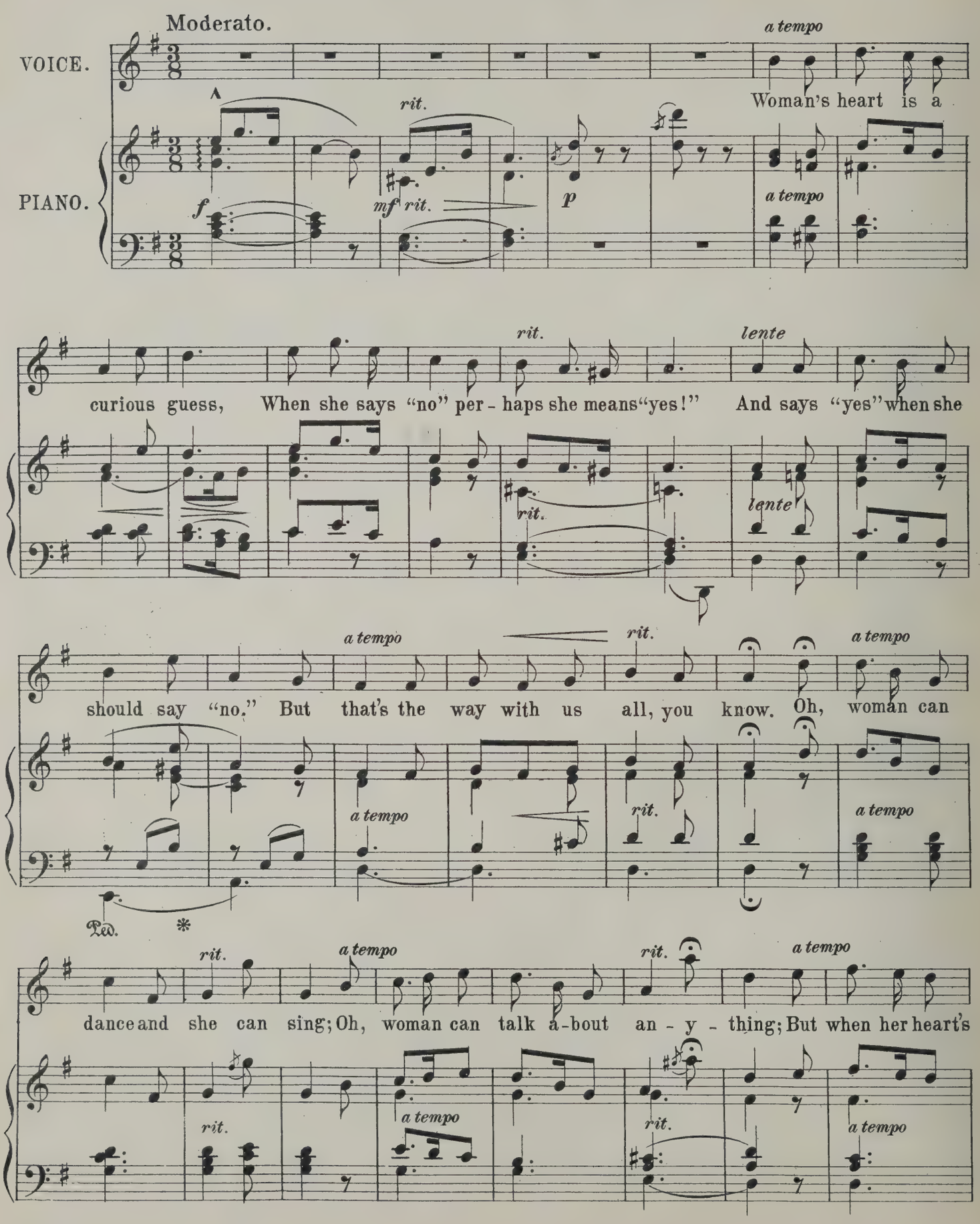
al - ways wear An air of mys - ter - ee. ee.


DANCE.
Repeat 8va pp
sempre pp
dim - - -
- - in - - - u - - en - - - do.
ppp

Woman's Heart is a Curious Guess.

NICOLETTE.

No. 6.



semi parlando

rit. *rit.*

called to say "yes" or "no;" Then I don't know. Then you don't know Why

rit. *rit.*

a tempo

f

wo - man's heart is a cu - rious guess, Wheth - er 'twill an - swer you

a tempo *f*

"no" or "yes!" When for a mark Cu - pid takes a girls heart,

Valse lente.

Valse lente.

When she has felt the ras - - cal's dart, Gai - ly she laughs when her

lov - er is nigh, While he poor boy must sigh.

mf *Più mosso.*

"Sweet - - heart ah, list thou to me, I love, I

Più mosso.

mf

love none but thee!" Pen - sive her face while her heart leaps gay,

p

Quick - ly the lov - er she sends a - way. Ah! ah! ah!

p

p

Tempo di Valse.

Then her heart tells her "yes" Though her

Tempo di Valse.

f

cresc. poco accel.

lips won't con - fess; Then her eyes tell her lov - er And

cresc. poco accel.

rit.

Tempo I°

save her the both - er, For wo - man's heart is a cu - rious guess,

Tempo I°

rit.

Wheth - er 'twill answer you "no" or "yes!"

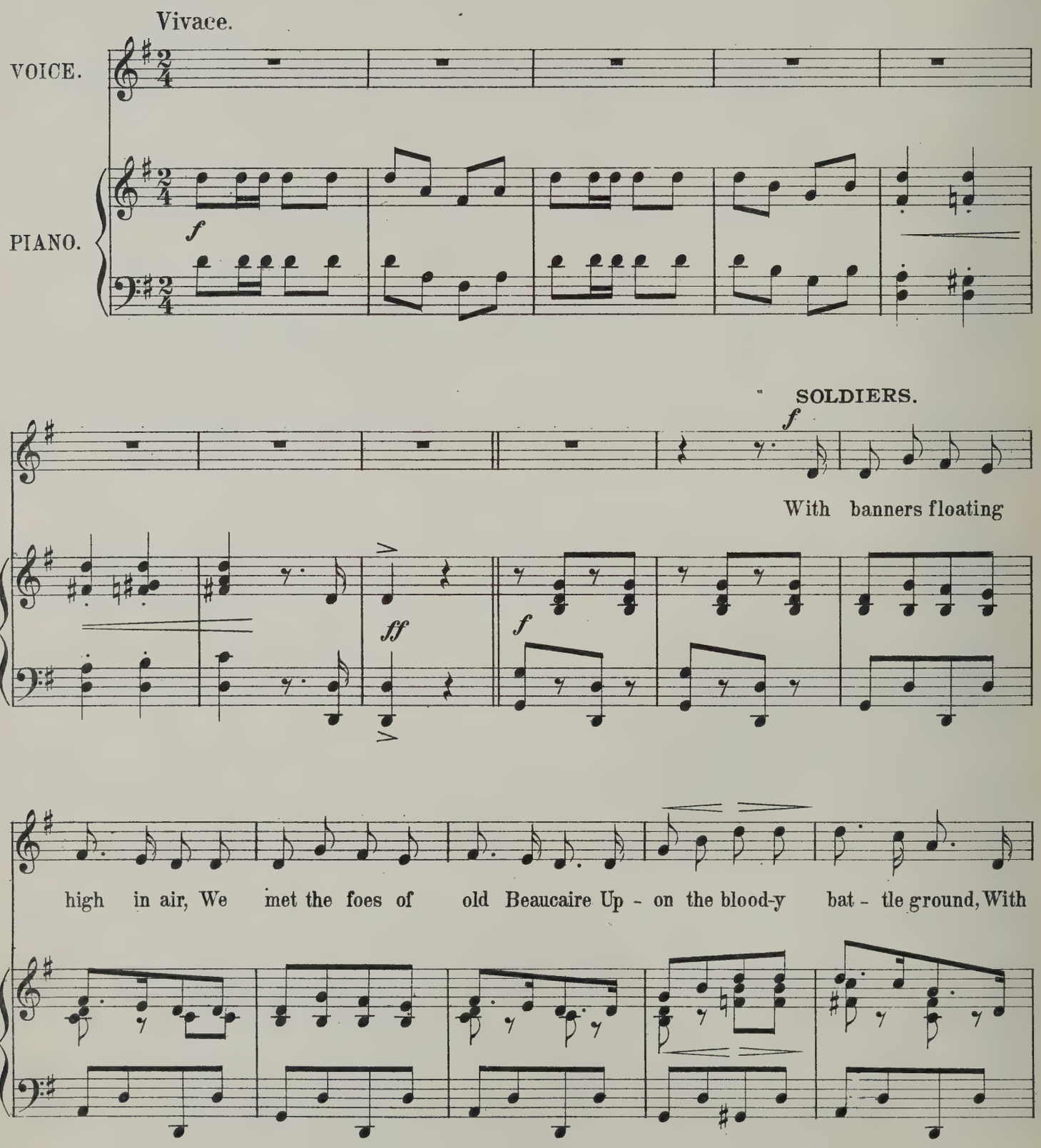
f

accel.

With Banners Floating High.

MARCH AND SOLO.

No. 7.



clash of sword and trum-pet sound, Ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta

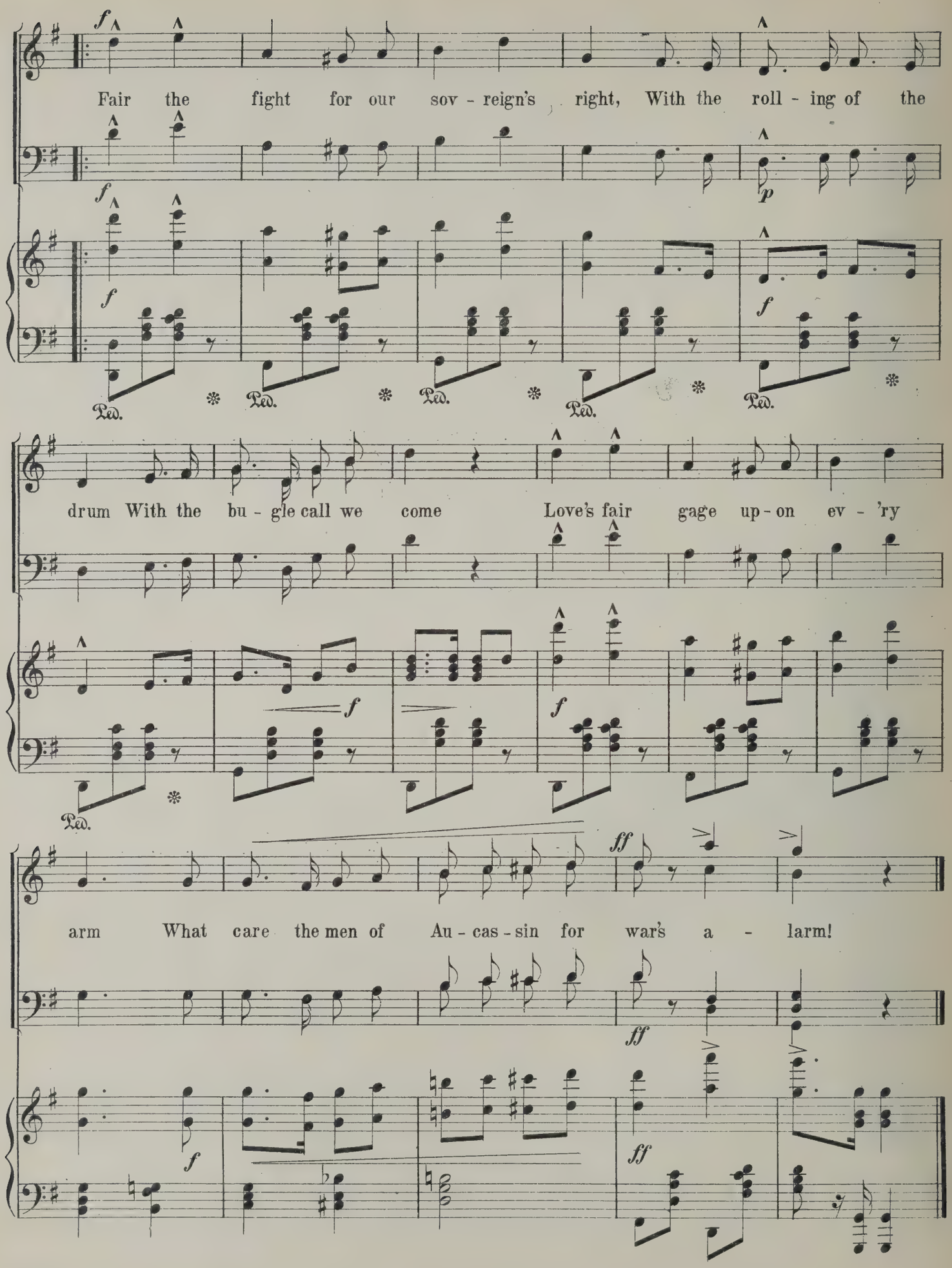
ta We left our sweet-hearts fair be-hind, Tho' out of sight not

out of mind; And now we claim the vic - tor's meed, For faith-ful we in pledge and deed. Ta

f *f*

ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta.

f


Fair the fight for our sov - reign's right, With the roll - ing of the
drum With the bu - gle call we come Love's fair gage up - on ev - 'ry
arm What care the men of Au - cas - sin for war's a - larm!

No. 8.

FINALE.
Hail the Wedding!

Moderato.

SOPRANO
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
PIANO.

f

ritard.

Ped. Ped. Ped.

Hail the wed-ding of the Count of Va-lence, And our Nic-o-lette, the fair-est

f *f*

maid-en in old Provence. He has the mon-ey, She has the beau-ty,

staccato

f *f*

MEN. *Unison*

Plain-ly she knows her du-ty, Hail! all hail! Count of Val-ence is he,

mf *rit.* *f* *f* *f* *mf*

fair young Nic-o-lette, she, Fate with its cru-el de-cree Bids them wed!

f

WOMAN.

SOP. *f*

ALTO

Rank and sta-tion high Soon will banish the sigh, Ev-'ry tear shall dry Ere 'tis shed!

f

TUTTI. *Chorus unison*

Now to the al- - tar fair Nic-o-lette is led, And with the Count of

f

Val-ence wed. Sad is her heart, from her Au-cas-sin to

f *p* *f* *cresc.*

rit.

part, Pale her face, slow her pace, Comes she with ill grace.

dim. - - - *rit.* *p*

With ill grace; Sad her

riten.

heart, from Au- -cas- -sin to part, To part, to part, to

riten.

cresc.

part, to part.

f

AUCASSIN. *alla recit.*

Naught shall take thee from me, my sweet- -heart,

p

O'er my life shalt thou ev - er reign, With my love for a throne, my sweet - heart,

cresc.

p

And my heart for thy sole do - main. My heart is thine, love! Thou shalt be

dim.

NICOLETTE. *(agitato) a little*

mine, Love! With-out my Nic - o - lette, life would be vain. I real - ly don't

cresc.

f

quicker.

want to mar - - ry, Ah! Please let me go a - way Pray

bid me no long - er tar - - ry, I tremble with sud - den dis - may

TUTTI. CHORUS.

f

She really don't want to mar - - ry, Please let her go a - way.

f

cresc.

Bid her! Bid her! Bid her go in peace, in peace a - way, Bid her!

cresc.

cresc.

rit. *ff*

Bid her! Bid her go in peace, in peace a - way

ff

rit.

rit. *ff*

a tempo.

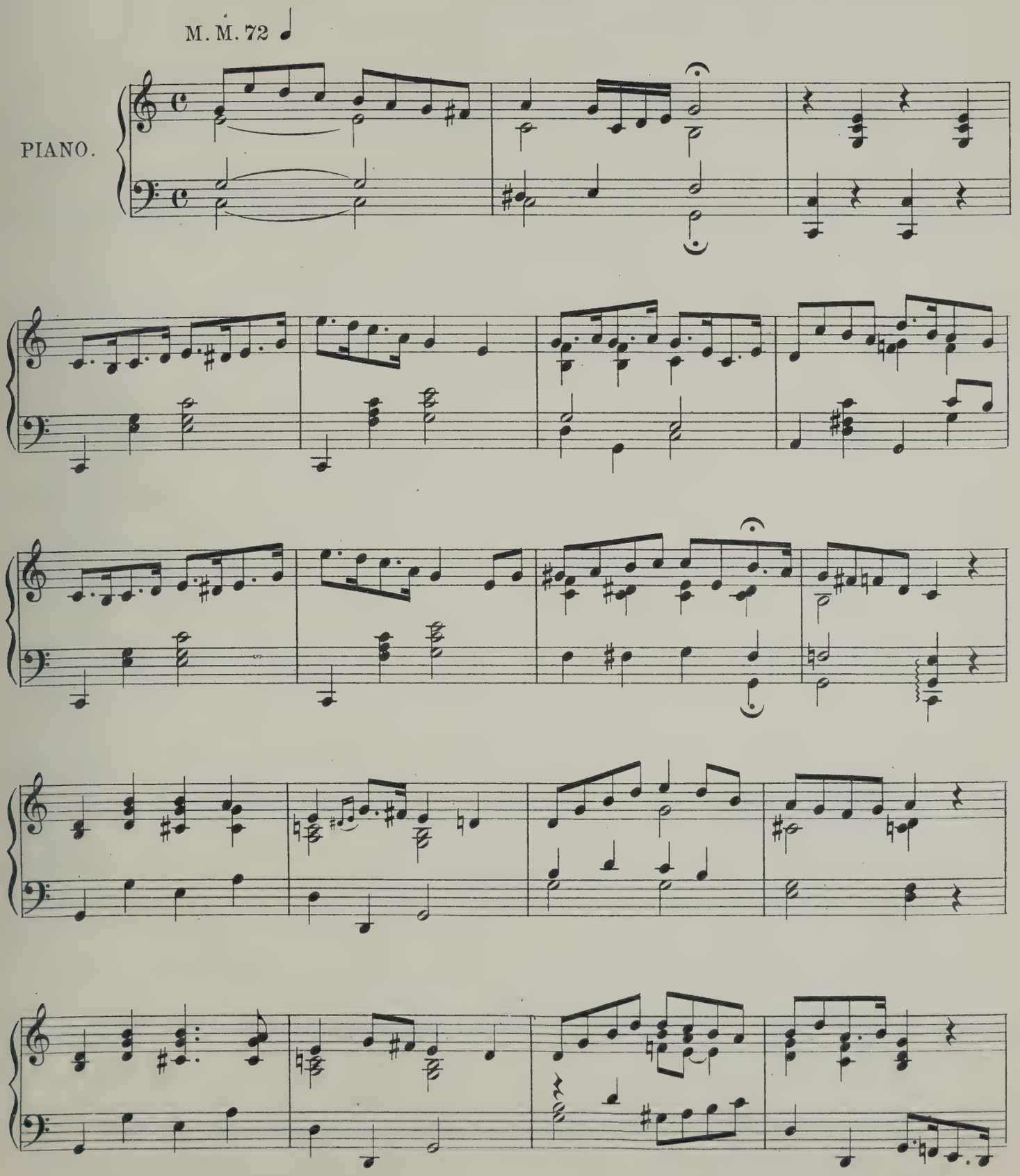
ff

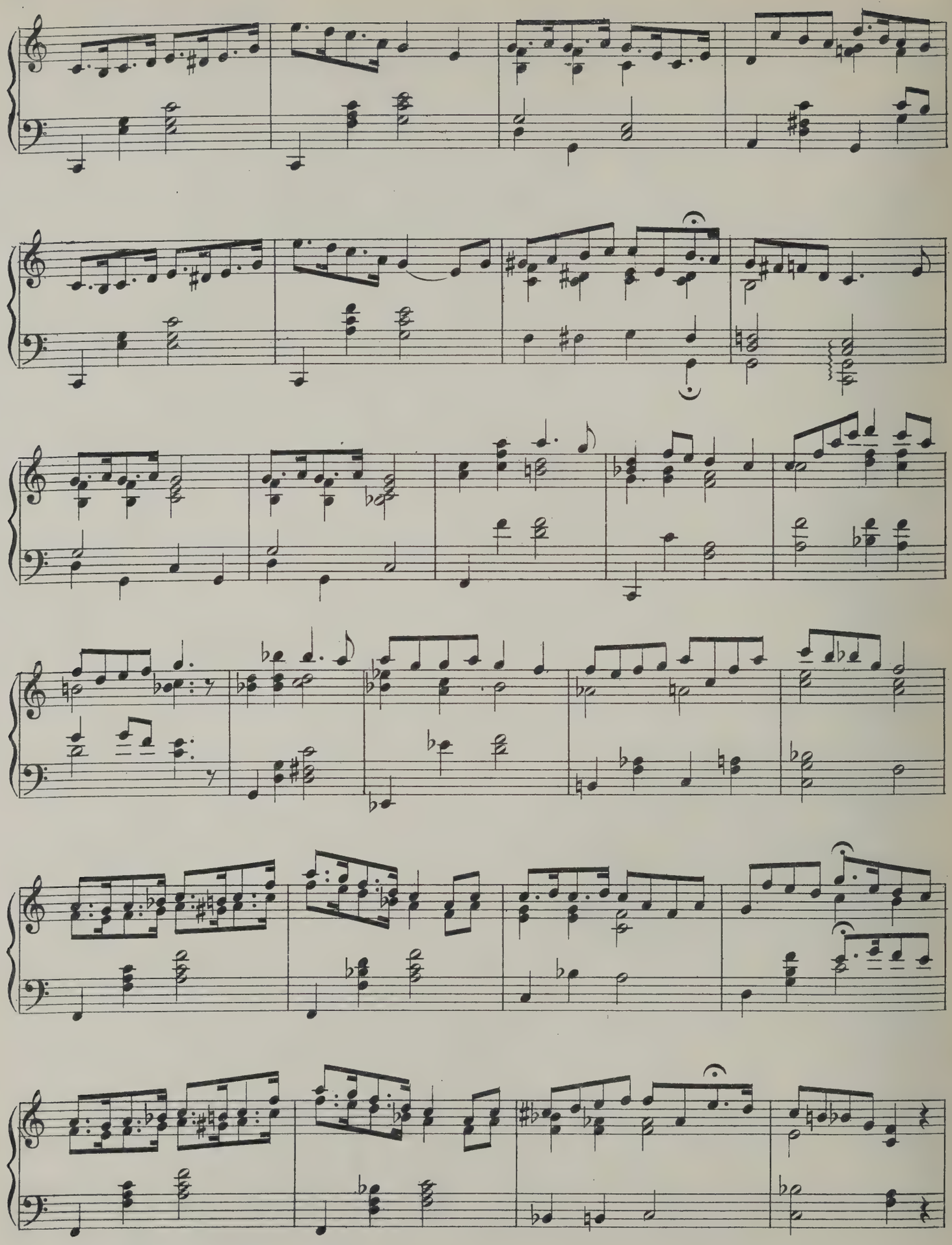
fff

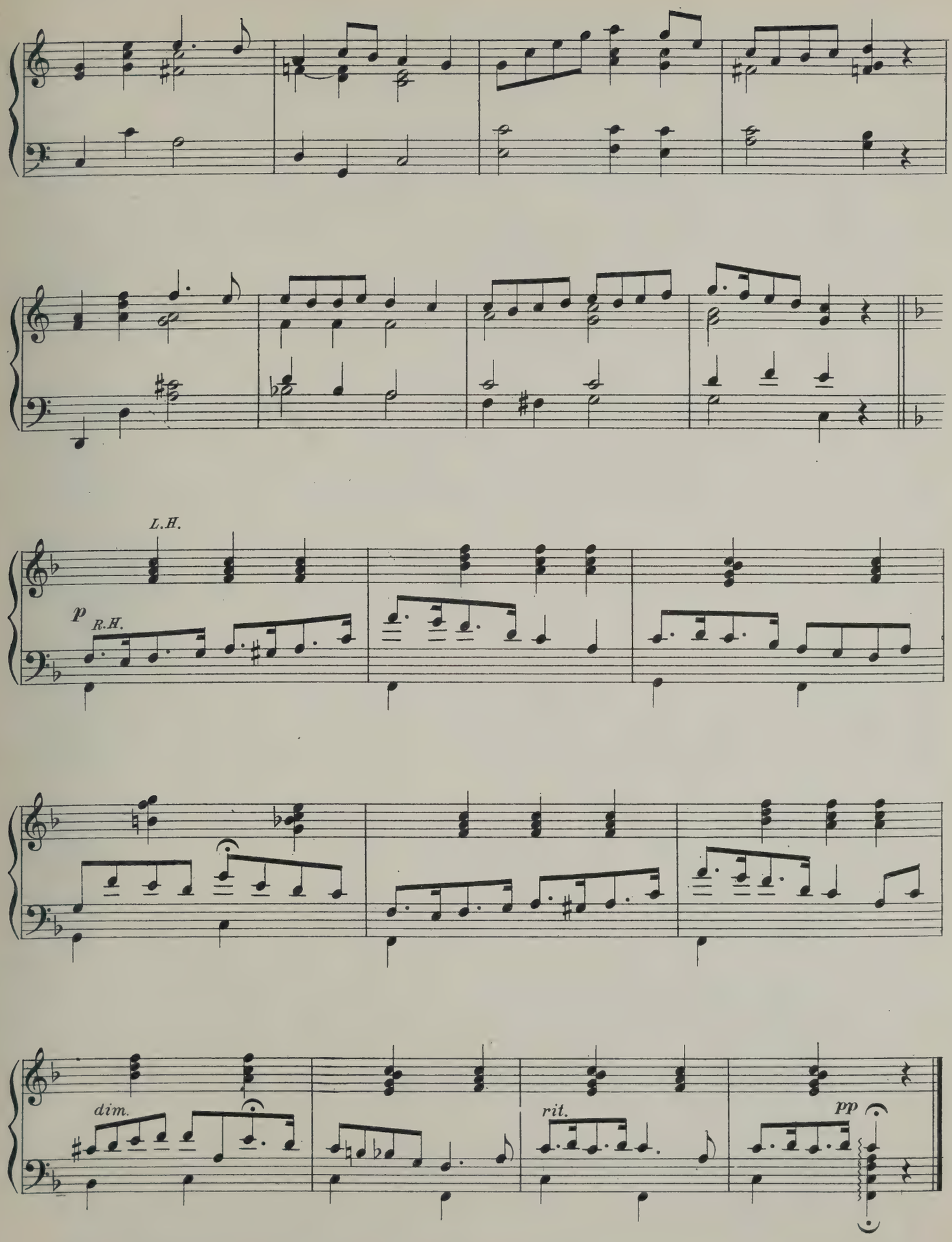
ff

END ACT I.

Entr' Acte.





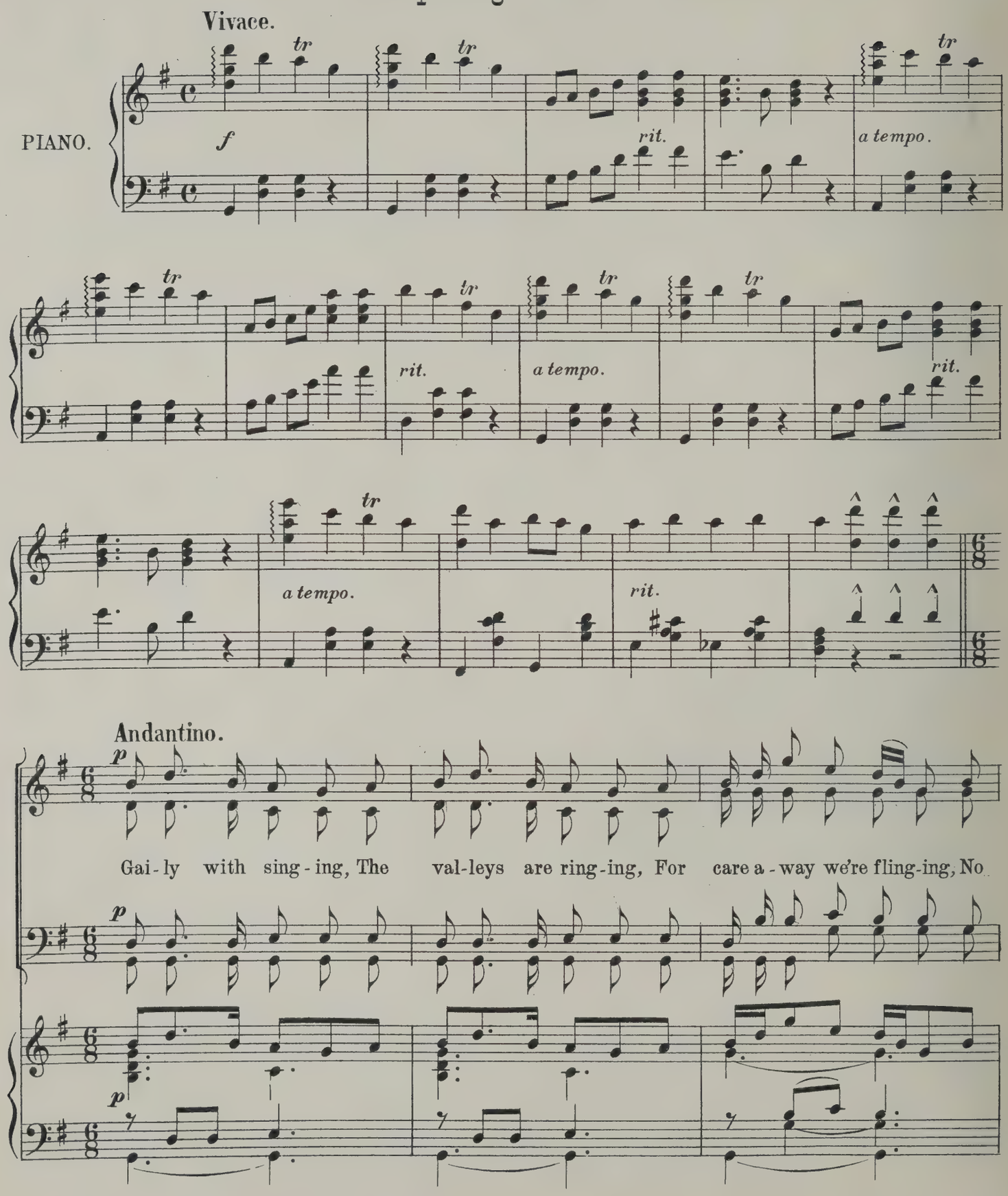

L.H.
p
R.H.
dim.
rit.
pp

ACT II.

Ho! for Life in Old Provence.

Opening Chorus.

№ 9.



sor - row to - day; Glad voi - ces rais - ing, Our life's joy we're praising, The

quiet herds are graz - ing, The young are at play; Na - ture now takes a hol - i - day with

us to re - joice, re - joice, Blithely the birds in mer - ry song are lift - ing the voice As they

chant their sweet lay, Gai - ly with sing - ing, The val - leys are ring - ing, For

pp

care a - way we're fling - ing, No sor - row to - day!

rit.

Vivace.

f

MEN.

f

When the old cat has gone a - way— cat has gone a - way— cat has gone a way—

Lit - tle mice then will have their day— Lit - tle mice have their day!

Ring out the sa - bot dance and song! Short is the day and night is long!

Short the happy day— Live it while you may! Song and dance Joy en - hance!

tr *tr*

WOMEN.

f *ff*

Short the happy day, Live it while you may, Live it while you may!

MEN.

f *ff*

tr

f *ff*

WOMEN.

Lads and las - sies its up and down the middle now, Step it neat - ly Foot it feat - ly

tr

MEN.

Brave and gay is the music of the fid-dle now, Live your life while yet you may! A

tr

herds-boy's life's a mer-ry life, He knows no care nor an-y strife, He roams the meadows

Giocoso.

Whistle.

as he will, Now list' his whistle shrill!

tr

tr

tr

TUTTI.

Ho! for life in our old Provence, The land of all most fair; The land with lads ev-er

sempre f

brave and true and las - sies be-yond com - pare! Tho' we stray from our

rit.

na - tive clime, Some oth - er land to roam, Where e'er we wan - der the

rit.

rit.

heart still turns to the place that we call our home.

Ped. *

DANCE.

Allegro.

f

tr

Presto.

Cupid's Game.

No. 10. NICOLETTE AND CHORUS.

Words by ANNIE RICHARDSON TALBOT.

NICOLETTE.

VOICE.

Gentle maid, if you must choose,

Tempo di Valse.

PIANO.

p

mf staccato

Cu-pid's wiles now learn or lose. Listen well While I tell How it is, When it is

Tempo di Valse.

rit.

archly.

Cu-pid woos. Ah Maid would you call love to your feet? Know that he

rit.

lentando

holds his own way sweet; So join with the lad in pranks mad and glad,

colla voce

a tempo *rit.* *a tempo*

Join in his play, Play in his way. Would you take part in Cu - pid's game?

f *a tempo* *p* *rit.* *a tempo*

Straightwill he long to change its name; For 'tis his way when at play, Changing his

f *cresc.* *f* *rit.*

wil-y way in play. "That's not fair play," dear love will say.

a tempo

Maiden you play not my way_ Let's al_ter the game what - e'er its

f *staccato*

name, Maids should be frank and be true. Join in my game, Love

rit. *a tempo* *rit.* *a tempo*

be its name, Else I'll no long - er play with you! No more play

f

with you, no more play with you, play with you, yes, with you! Ah

rit. *f* *rit.*

NIC. AND CHORUS.

f *a tempo*

List to the rules; They're love's own lore: Love once and love, and

f

a tempo

f

love once more, Just love, sweet-est maid, Don't be a - fraid—

f *f*

Soon you will play Just as I say! Maids must needs learn our

f *p* *f*

Cu- - pid's game— Love 'twill be still, what - e'er its name.

f

cresc.

Yet you must play in his way, Yet you must play in his way

cresc.

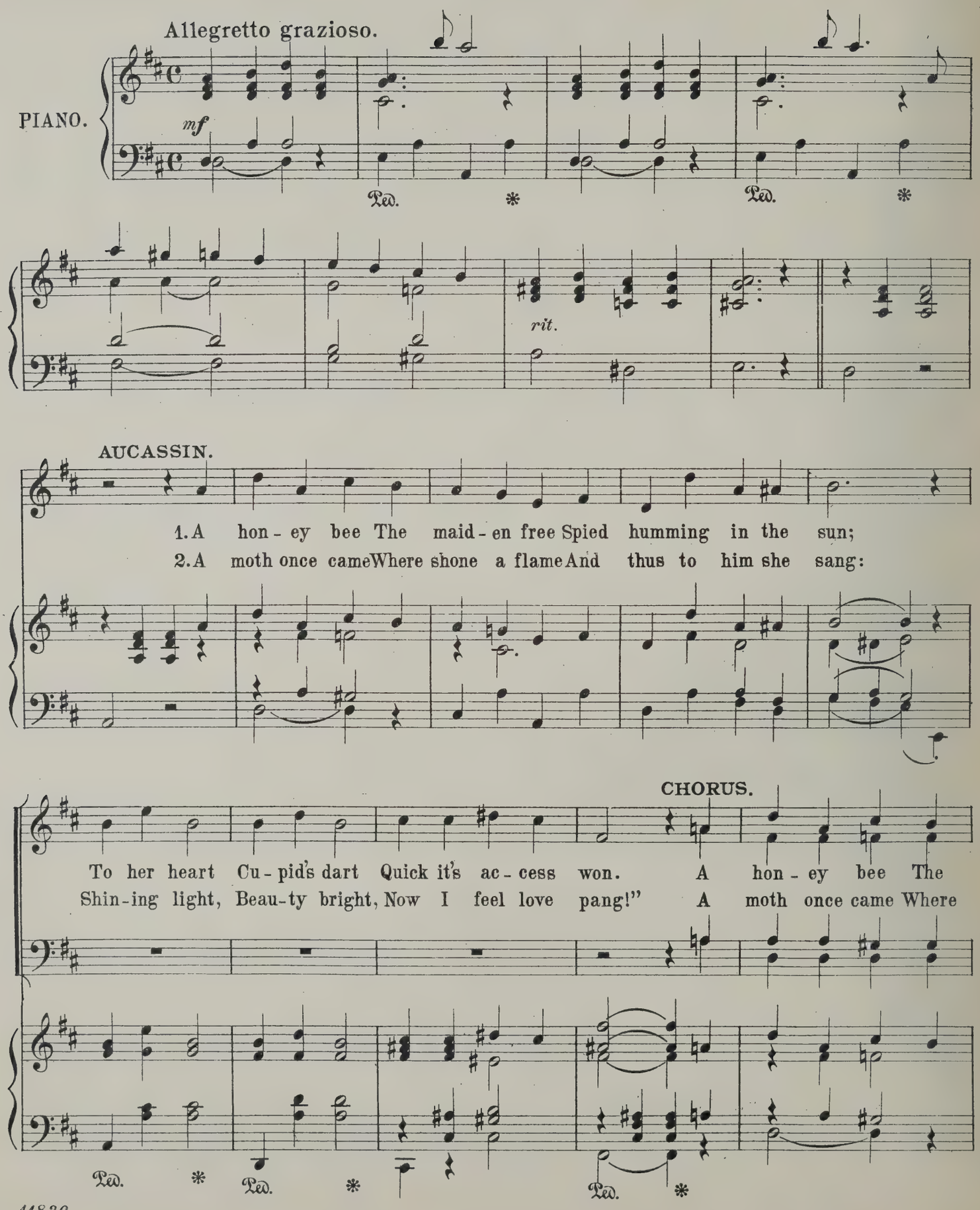
NIC. SOLO.

when at play!

ff accel. al Fine.

A Maiden and a Bee.

No. 11. AUCASSIN AND CHORUS.



maid-en free, Spied humming in the sun; To her heart, Cu-pid's dart
shone a flame And thus to him she sang: "Shin-ing light, Beau-ty bright,

Ped. * Ped. *

AUCASSIN.

Quick its ac-cess won! Quoth she, "I like to hear you buzz The fra-grant flow'rs a-
Now I feel love's pang!" But while the moth her love de-clared, The flame, he laughed, "Ha!

CHORUS.

AUC.

bove, Ah, come and be my love," said she, "Come be my on-ly love!" Ah,
Ha! They'll nev-er learn their wings I burn, What fools these lov-ers are!" For

CHORUS. AUCASSIN.

me! Ah me! The maid and bee! The bee flew to the
shame! For shame! The moth and flame! The moth flew to the

colla parte

maid, And on her lips he strayed; He gave a kiss and left a sting_The
flame And straight be-came his game, He laughed and singed her pret-ty wing! The

Ped. * Ped. *

CHORUS. *a tempo*

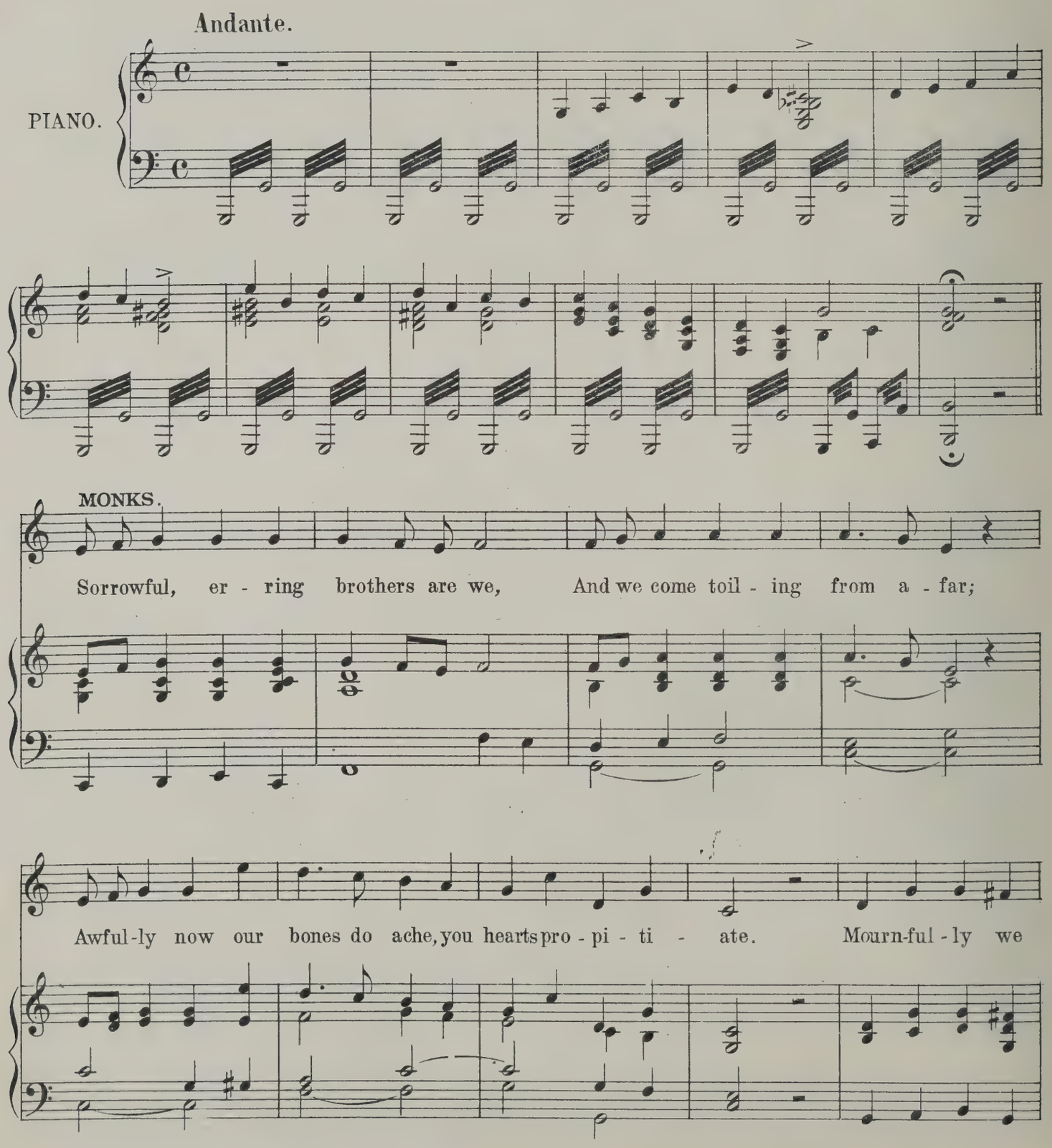
naughty, lit-tle, hor-rid thing! He gave a kiss and left a sting_The naughty, hor-rid
naughty, hor-rid, cru-el thing! He laughed and singed her pret-ty wing! The hor-rid, cru-el

a tempo

thing!—
thing!—

Sorrowful, erring Brothers are We.

No. 12. THE MONKS.



wend a - long, And groan for you this pleasing song, And we do not hes - i - tate your

sins to med - i - ate Ev'ry step brings the whip to the back, Down it comes with a

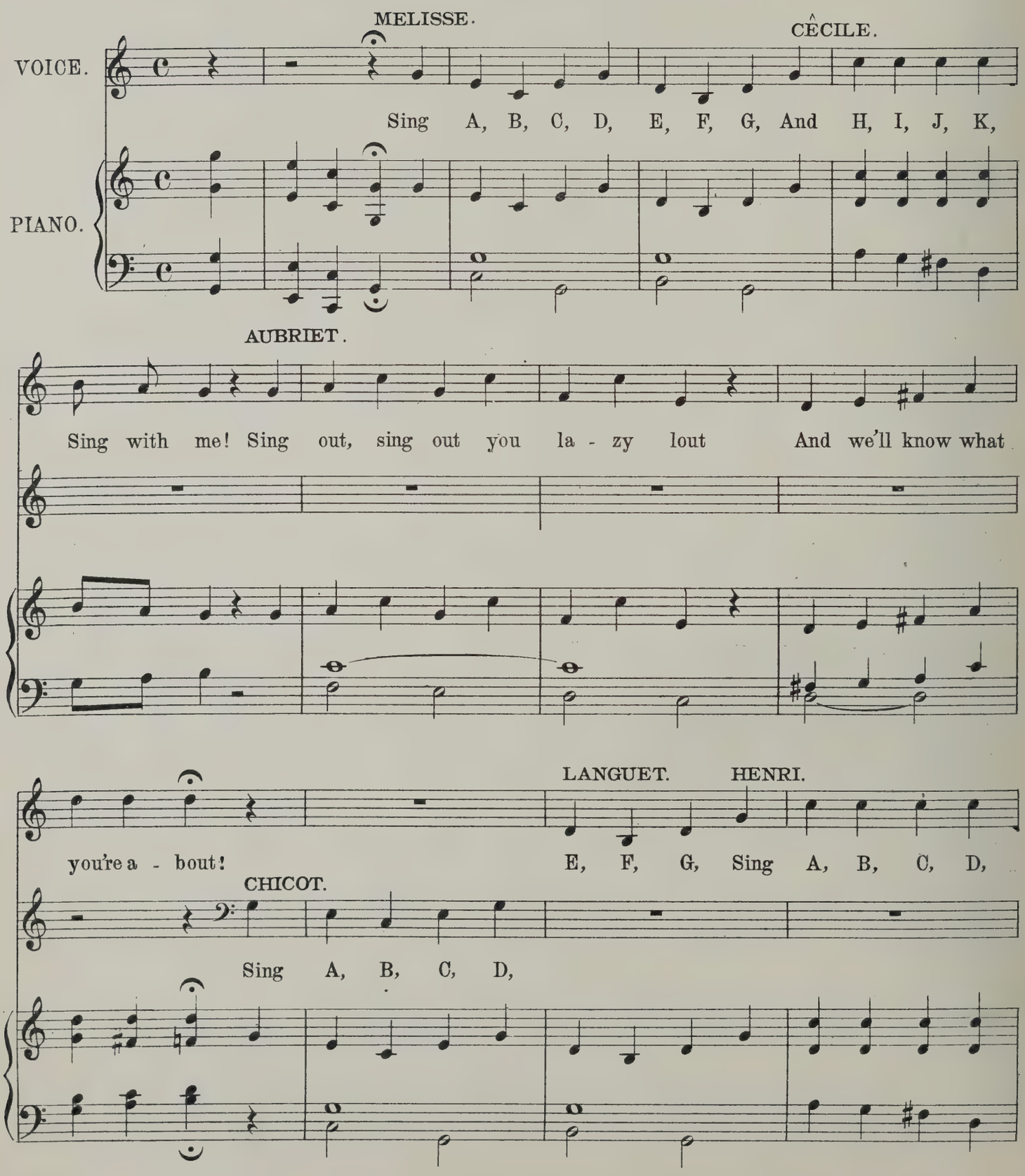
lus - ty thwack; Hap-pi-ness shines in ev-'ry face, For du - ty moves a - pace, A - pace!

DANCE.

They do not know their A,B,C's!

No. 13.

MONKS AND CHORUS.



MELISSE.

Sing out, sing out, ye stu - pid lout, And show us what you're a - bout!

CÊCILE.

AUBRIET.

Sing out, sing out, ye stu - pid lout, And show us what you're a - bout!

LANGUET.

HENRI.

Dear-y me!

CHICOT.

Sing out, sing out, ye stu - pid lout, And show us what you're a - bout!

LANGUET. MELISSE.

Ah, now I see, as clear's can be, One can for - get his al - pha - bet! Ah,

now I see, what frauds they be, They do not know their A, B, C.,

MELISSE AND CÊCILE.

Ah now we see as clear's can be, They don't know their A, B, C, So A B C a mysteree, a

AUBRIET.

LANGUET AND HENRI.

Ah now we see as clear's can be, They don't know their A, B, C, So A B C a mysteree, a

CHICOT.

TENORI.

Ah now we see as clear's can be, They don't know their A, B, C, So A B C a mysteree, a

BASSI.

MELISSE *SOLO.*

M C

mys-te - ree, you see, a mys-te - ree you see. Now try once more ye lout To

A

L H

mys-te - ree, you see, a mys-te - ree you see.

C

mys - te - ree, you see, a mys-te - ree you see.

rit. *a tempo*

M C

show what you're a - bout Yes, try it ye lout, To show what you're a - bout, yes

A

L H

Yes, try it ye lout, To show what you're a - bout, yes

C

Yes, try it ye lout, To show what you're a - bout, yes

M C

try it ye lout, To show what you're a - bout!

A

HENRI.

L H

try it ye lout, To show what you're a - bout!

A, B, C, D,

C

Sing A, B, C, D.

try it ye lout To show what you're a - bout!

M C

Oh what fools, these donkies be! Sing

A

LANGUET. HENRI. HENRI AND LANGUET.

L H

A, B, C, D, A, B, D; A, B, C, D; A, B, D; Oh what fools, these donkies be! Sing

C

Oh what fools, these donkies be! Sing

M C

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and H, I, J, K, Sing with me, Sing out, sing out ye la-zy lout And

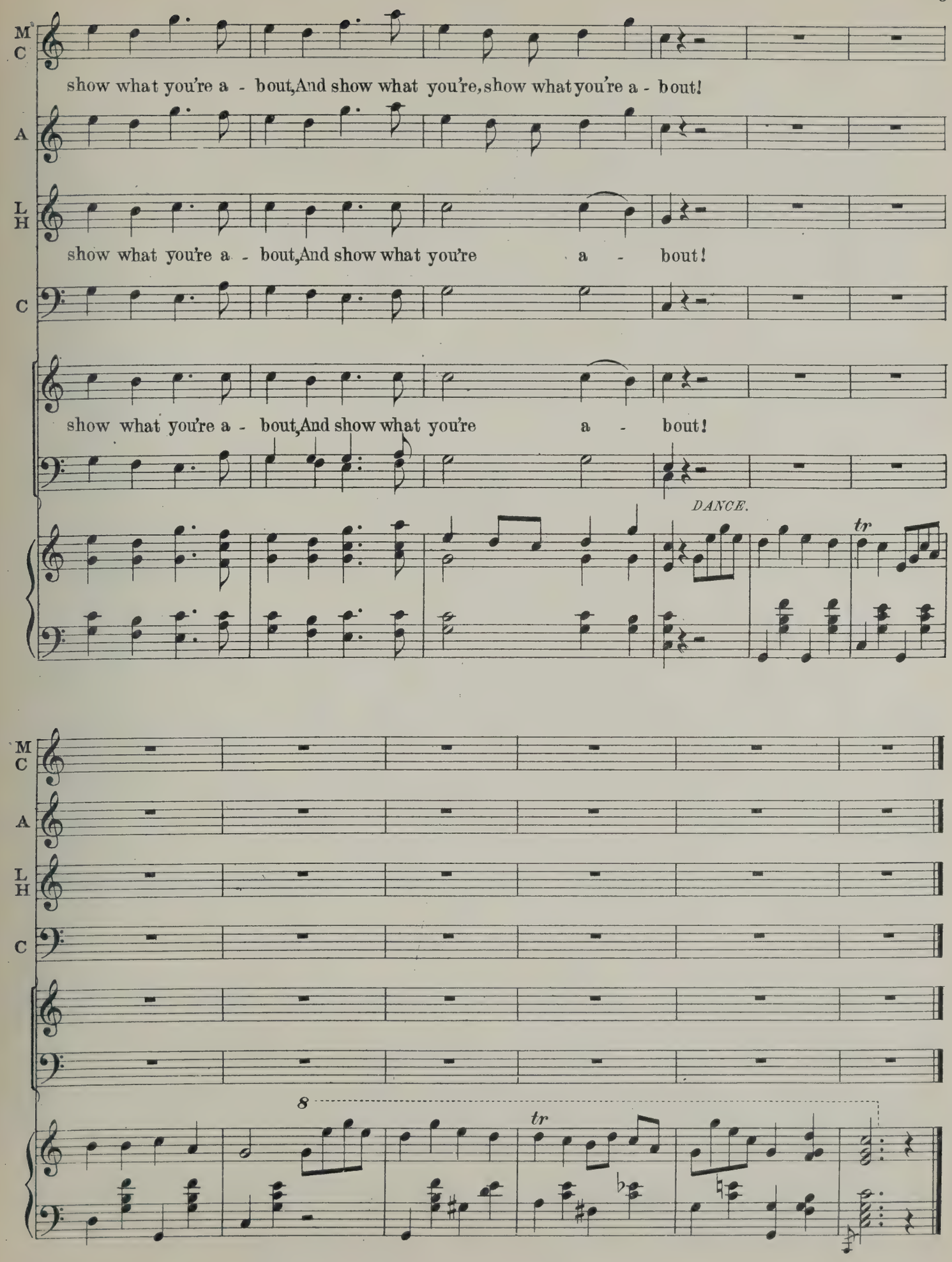
A

L H

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and H, I, J, K, Sing with me, Sing sing with me ye lout

C

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and H, I, J, K, Sing with me, Sing sing with me lout


M C
show what you're a - bout, And show what you're, show what you're a - bout!
A
L H
show what you're a - bout, And show what you're a - bout!
C
show what you're a - bout, And show what you're a - bout!
DANCE.
tr
8
tr

No. 14.

When in Love Don't Hesitate.

TRIO.

LOUISE.

VOICE.

PIANO.

If you see a girl you'd like to know, Just throw her a win - ing glance; If she throws one back, lose no more time, For you've got a win - ing chance. You must then ad-vance with-out de - lay and bow to the maid like this;— Then you men-tion that the day is fine, She will not take that a - miss. You

doff your hat, Just like that And chaff withher a bit; And if her smile Con-

ceals no guile, You've surely made a hit. Ah! when in love don't

hes - i - tate, Bet - ter to hast - en than be late. Seize your

TUTTI.

chance as it pass - es by; Stout heart will ne'er say die.

When in love don't hes - i - tate, Bet - ter to hast - en

than be late. Seize your chance as it pass - es by,

Stout heart will ne'er say die.

DANCE.

No. 15.

Echo, Tell Me!

DUET.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE.

Lentamente.

NICOLETTE

AUCASSIN.

PIANO.

Oh, Ech-o, tell me

rit.

a tempo

while I wan-der, Through this lonely wood to prove, If my Nic - o - lette grows fond - er,

Turn to love — Turn to love.

Ought I in re - turn to love? Does she love me

f a tempo

rit.

p

p

as the fashion, Can she cru - el - ly for-get? Ah, in pit - y to my passion,

f *dim.*

Ped. * Ped. *

p *p*

Nic- - o-lette, Nic- - o-lette,

Let me hear of Nic- - - o-lette! Ah!

f *p colla voce* *p*

Ah!

Più mosso.

Ech-o, oh come! Guide my way, which I'll

f

rit. *p* *f*

Ped. *

now ad-here to, Since by Cu- -pid's charms I'm led, And with Nic-o-lette

f

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

And sir! wed!

nev-er fear to Mar-ry if you will an-swer "wed!" Oh,

dim. rit.

L.H.

Oh, Ech-o come, Oh,

Ech-o come, Oh, Ech-o come, oh come, oh come to me!

L.H.

Ech- o come, oh come, oh come to me! Oh come to me

Oh come to me

Bring her-to me, Bring her to me, Bring her to me.

To me.

Tempo I°

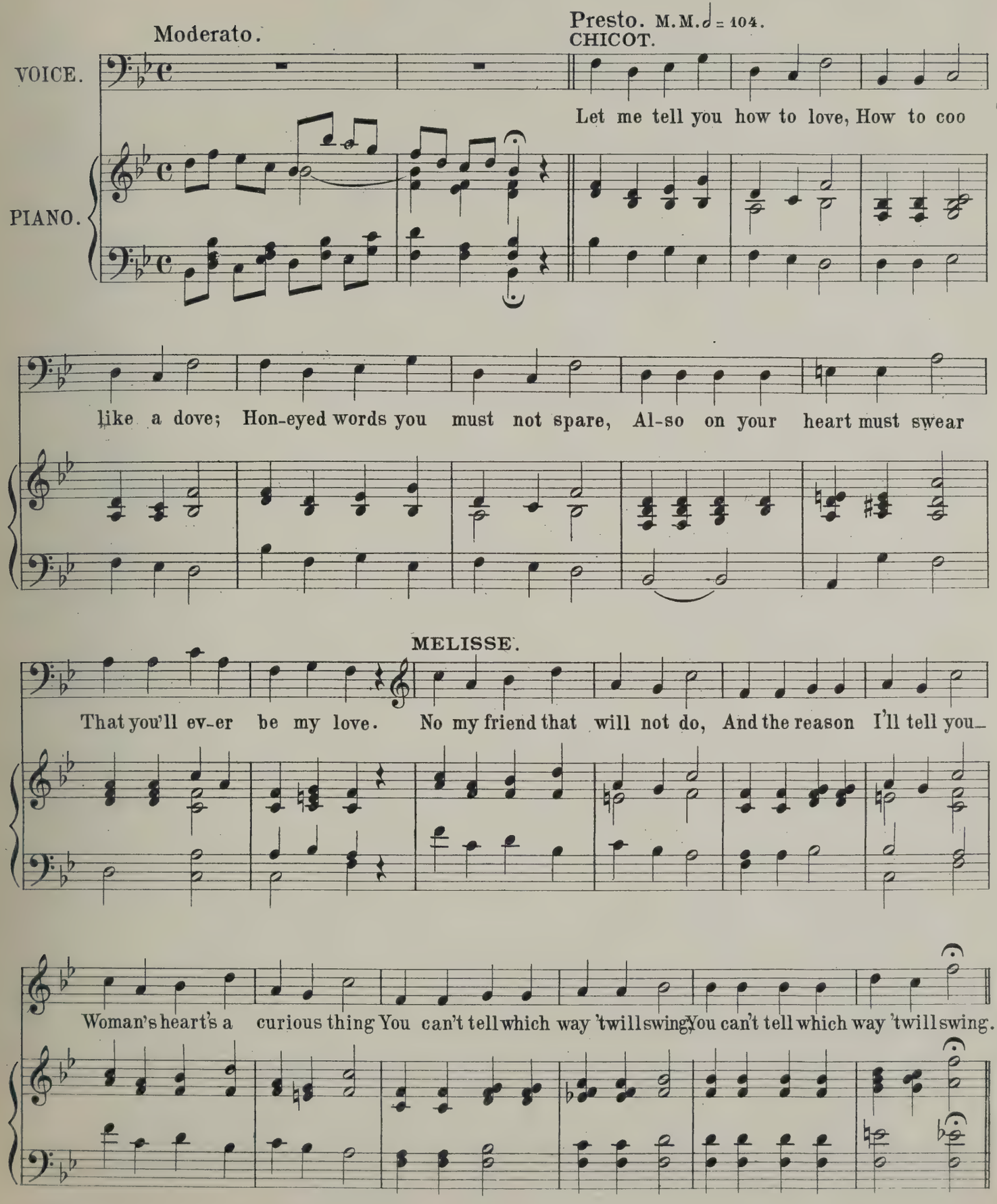
rit.

Let me tell You how to Love.

No. 16.

QUARTETTE.

MELISSE, CÊCILE, LANGUET AND CHICOT.



LANGUET.

M.M. 100 = ♩

Place your arm a-round her just like this, Press up-on her lips a dain-ty kiss;

CÊCILE.

Then you squeeze her hand, you understand; Al-so 'tis in taste to cir-cum-vent the waist.

MELISSE.

Yes kiss her, kiss her, kiss her, kiss, yes,

CÊCILE.

LANGUET.

Yes kiss her, kiss her, kiss her, kiss, yes,

CHICOT.

Now I see the fool I am, kiss her all you can,

kiss her all you can! If in love you doubt the miss, Just try a dainty kiss, And

kiss her all you can! If in love you doubt the miss, Just try a dainty kiss, And

rit. *a tempo*

squeeze her hand to un-der-stand how lies for you the land;

squeeze her hand to un-der-stand how lies for you the land;

And it's in the best of taste To cir-cumvent the waist; Yes 'tis in the best of taste To

And it's in the best of taste To cir-cumvent the waist; Yes 'tis in the best of taste To

cir-cum-vent the waist; Yes 'tis in the best of taste To cir-cum-vent the waist.

cir-cum-vent the waist; Yes 'tis in the best of taste To cir-cum-vent the waist.

I am a Soldier of the King.

No. 17.

PHILIPPE.

PIANO.

I am a sol-dier of the King And glo-ry is my trade, oh! A loy-al heart a-field I bring And eke a trus-ty blade, oh! I fol-low on where du-ty calls In her de-mand de-light-ing; For I'm a sol-dier of the King, For love and hon-or fight-ing! For I'm a sol-dier of the King, For love and hon-or fight-ing! For

I'm a sol-dier of the King, For love and hon-or fight-ing! The courtier bends a pli-ant knee And

laughs be-hind your back, oh! But court-ly ways are not for me, And et-i-qutte I lack, oh! A

loy-al heart is all I bring No re-compense in-vit-ing; For I'm a sol-dier of the King, For

love and hon-or fight-ing! For I'm a sol-dier of the King, For love and hon-or fight-ing! For

I'm a sol-dier of the King, For love and hon-or fight-ing!

FINALE.

No. 18.

Here's Aucassin, We've Caught Him.

NICOLETTE.

VOICE.

What is that I hear?

PIANO.

Bou-gart coming here! Yes,'tis Bou-gart, Yes,'tis Bougart, Yes,'tis Bougart!

SOLDIERS.

Here's Au - cas-sin, we've caught him court-ing

with a pret-ty miss, Of course we're ver-y ver - y sor - ry now to spoil his bliss. This

is a ver - y bad mess we con-fess, And how he's going to save himself we

can - not guess, We're told to car - ry Au - cas-sin right home to his pa - pa; And

when he gets there we are sure there'll be a fam-'ly jar; We're soldiers of the King; Just

now, the thing, We guess that Au - cas-sin is going to get a sting.

Andante.

Like the lit-tle maid ha! ha! Who with a bee once played, ha! ha! He gave a kiss and left a sting, The

naughty, naughty horrid thing, He gave a kiss and left a sting, The naughty, horrid thing.

Au-cas-sin did woo, ha! ha! And Nic-o-lette did coo, ha! ha! We thought it was a fun-ny thing Be-

cause we knew they'd get a sting, Be-cause we knew they'd get a sting, Be-cause they'd get a sting.

Tempo di Marcia. Allegro.

Come back to Beaucaire, Old Garin waits there, You come along with us

ff

Or there will be a fuss. This painful du - ty Results in boot - y, So we will take you

in our care. Come back to Beaucaire, Old Garin waits there, Sad tho' the parting, We must be starting,

So do not tar - ry, You can not mar - ry, Tho' you're in-deed a precious pair!

NICOLETTE AND CHORUS.

I love none but thee Be thou true to me; Gladly I give a

true lov - er's heart, Nothing shall ev - er keep us a-part. Rank, throne,

ti - tle, too, All I give for you; Joy of my heart! Thy an - swer now!

Tell me that thoult be true! Stars that are shining, True love di - vin-ing, Smile on the

rit. a tempo.

path that brings thee to me Breezes a - sighing whis-per when dy - ing Soft-ly that

rit. a tempo.

I will love none but thee.

ff

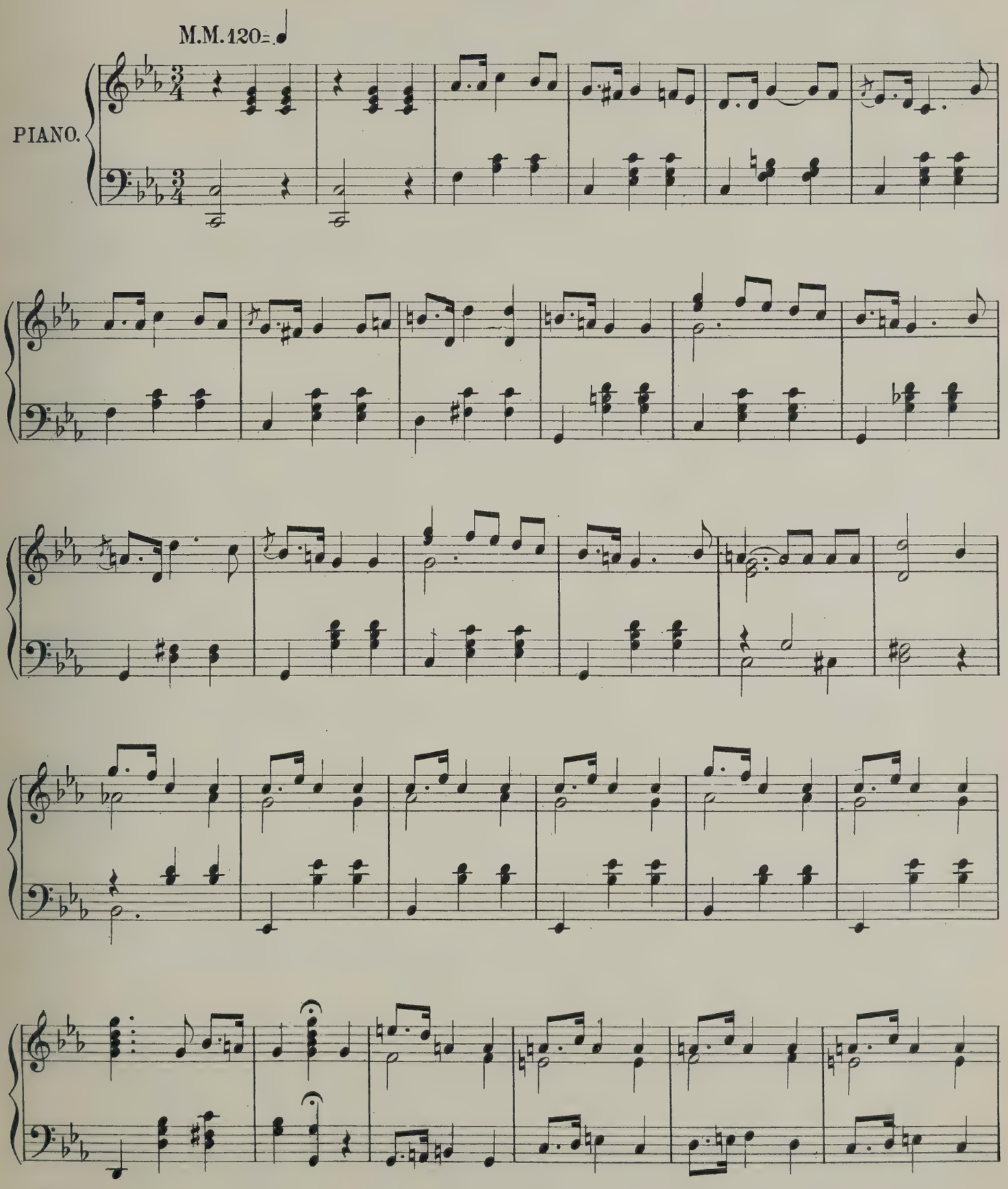
rit. a tempo. rit.

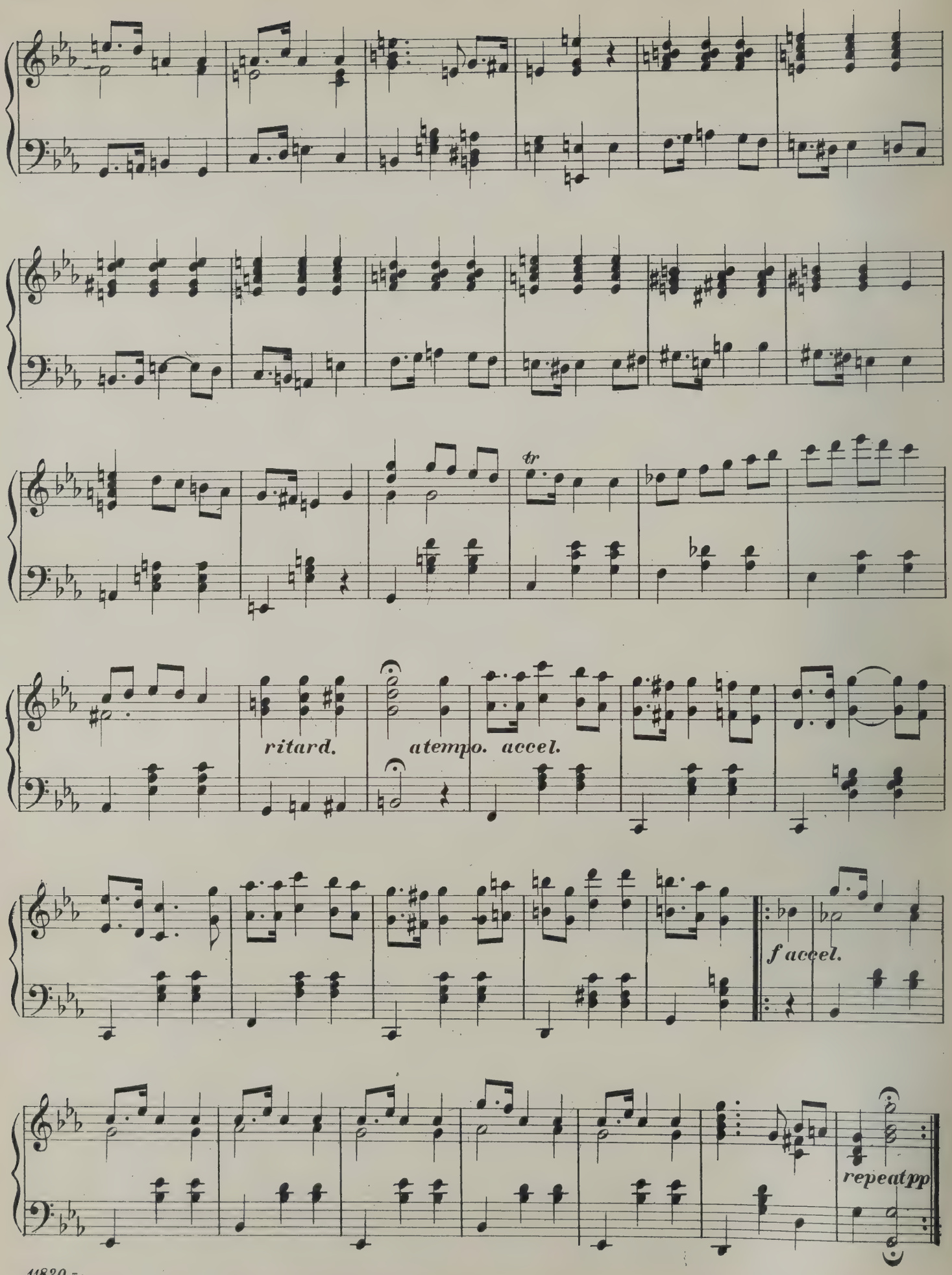
ff a tempo.

accel.

fff

Entr'Acte.



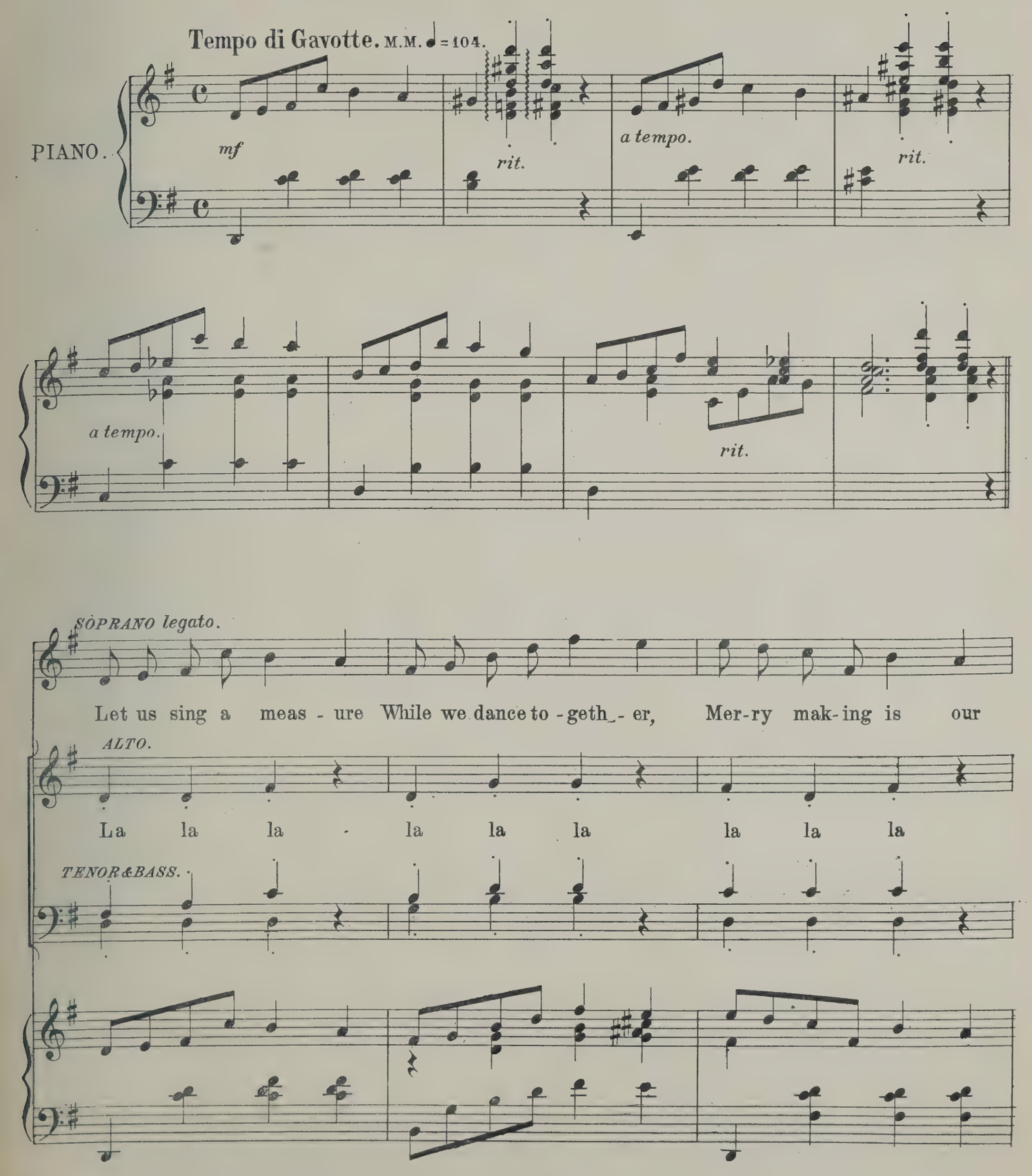

tr
ritard.
atempo.
accel.
f accel.
repeat pp

ACT III.

Let us Sing a Measure.

Opening Chorus.

No. 19.



pleasure and our joy! Feet are trip-ing light-ly, Eyes are glancing bright-ly,

la la la la la la la la la

Nothing shall our bliss al - loy! Let us to the ball-room dancing take our way

MEZZO SOPR. & ALTO.

la la la la la la la la la la la la la

There are mer-ry fid - dlers ea - ger to play, There to take our pla - ces

la la la la la la la la la la la la

in the mer - ry reel, While in mirth a - way the mo - ments steal!

la la la la la la la la la la

Let us sing a meas - ure While we dance to - geth - er, Mer - ry mak - ing is our

la la la la la la la la la

pleasure and our joy! Feet are tripping light - ly, Eyes are glancing bright - ly,

la la la la la la la la la

Nothing shall our bliss al - loy! Time was made for slaves we've

la la la la la la la la la

oft been told. Day is fleet - ing, Pleasure cheating; Capture Cupid e're he

la la la la la la la la la la la la

grows too old, E're the youth-ful heart grows cold! Let us sing a meas - ure,

la la la la la la la la la la la la

While we dance to - geth - er, Mer-ry mak-ing is our pleasure and our joy!

la la la la la la la la la

Feet are trip-ping light - ly, Eyes are glancing bright-ly, Nothing shall our bliss al -

la la la la la la la la la

p *dim. e rit.*

loy! Bliss al - - loy, al - loy!

p

la la la Bliss al - - - loy, al - loy!

p *dim. e rit.*

In a Shepherd's Hut with Thee.

No. 20.

DUET.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Tempo di Gavotte.

AUCASSIN.

mf

In a shepherd's hut with thee I'd glad ly dwell, my dove, And I'd blithely give my all, All I have for thee, my love

rit. *p* *mf* *rit.* *rit.*

Ped. *

NICOLETTE.

a tempo

What care I for throne or wealth, For rank and ti - tle too? When I have thy peerless love, And know thy heart is true!

a tempo

AUCASSIN.

Come, my darl - ing, let us seek the bow - er,

rit.

And mid cooling shadows teach the doves to woo

NICOLETTE.

a tempo.

And with love we'll while a-way the hour,

rit.

a tempo.

a tempo.

Ah! In a shepherd's hut with thee I'd

rit.

In a lit-tle par-a-dise as lov-ers ought to do. Ah! In a shepherd's hut with thee I'd

rit.

a tempo.

rit.

Glad-ly dwell, my dove, And I'd blithe-ly give my all, All I have for thee, my love;

rit.

Glad-ly dwell, my dove, And I'd blithe-ly give my all, All I have for thee, my love;

rit.

Ped. *

a tempo. *rit.*

Let us to the fragrant bow'r and teach the doves to woo, And we'll coo to gether, We will

a tempo. *rit.*

Let us to the fragrant bow'r and teach the doves to woo, And we'll coo to gether, We will

a tempo. *rit.*

sempre rall. *pp*

soft-ly coo and coo. We'll soft-ly coo and coo, soft-ly coo and coo.

sempre rall. *pp*

soft-ly coo and coo. We'll soft-ly coo and coo, soft-ly coo and coo.

sempre rall. *pp*

mf

I'm Waiting Yet!

CHICOT, LANGUET AND CHORUS.

No. 21.

E. W. CORLISS.

Moderato.

PIANO.

CHICOT. LANGUET. CHICOT.

1. I love the fair Lou-is-a and I have a trusting heart; He has a trusting heart! A
2. I met a beg-gar on the road who ask'd me for a sou; He ask'd him for a sou! A
3. One day beneath a tree I was in-dul-ging in a nap; In-dul-ging in a nap? A
4. Sweet Wil-liam went to college to be ed-u-ca-ted well; To be-come a learn-ed swell? With a

LANGUET.

trusting, foolish heart! And I swear that of my life she is the most im-portant part. The
lit-tle, ti-ny sou! I had nothing in my pocket but some ducats, one or two— Some
lit-tle, snoozy nap! When a young and lovely stranger plac'd a ba-by in my lap! A
sy-ren whistle yell! In va-ca-tion he was waiter at a summer swell hotel— A

CHICOT.

most im-portant part? The most im-por-tant part! Lou - is - a gur-gles: "I'm SO young, I
ducats, one or two! Yes, ducats, one or two! The beggar said: "I'll get the change just
rather ancient snap! What? a ba - by in your lap? "We're almost starv'd" she said, "and would you
pop-u-lar ho-tel? Rob-you-while-you-wait ho-tel! Said he: "This is a makeshift, working

know not what to do;" I say "Lou-is - a, don't you rush! Dear girl, I'll wait for you!" I am
at the tavern near, And while I'm gone be kind enough to wait for me right here," I am
be so *ve - ry* sweet As to wait with Ba-by while I go and get a bite to eat?" I am
here for pal-try hire; I'll wait till I'm an A. M., then I'll set the world on fire!" He is

REFRAIN.

waiting yet! I am / He is waiting, waiting, wait-ing yet! He
waiting, yet! I am / He is waiting, waiting, wait-ing yet! That
waiting yet! I am / He is waiting, waiting, wait-ing yet! The
waiting yet! He is waiting, at the ho - tel yet! He can

says: "Don't do a thing Till I meet you in the spring!" I am / He is
beg - gar's ways were dark, And he found an ea - sy mark, For I'm / He's
girls all cut me, him, for I he am is a bach - e - lor, And I'm / He's
serve from soup to cheese In eight lan - gua - ges with ease, And he's

TUTTI.

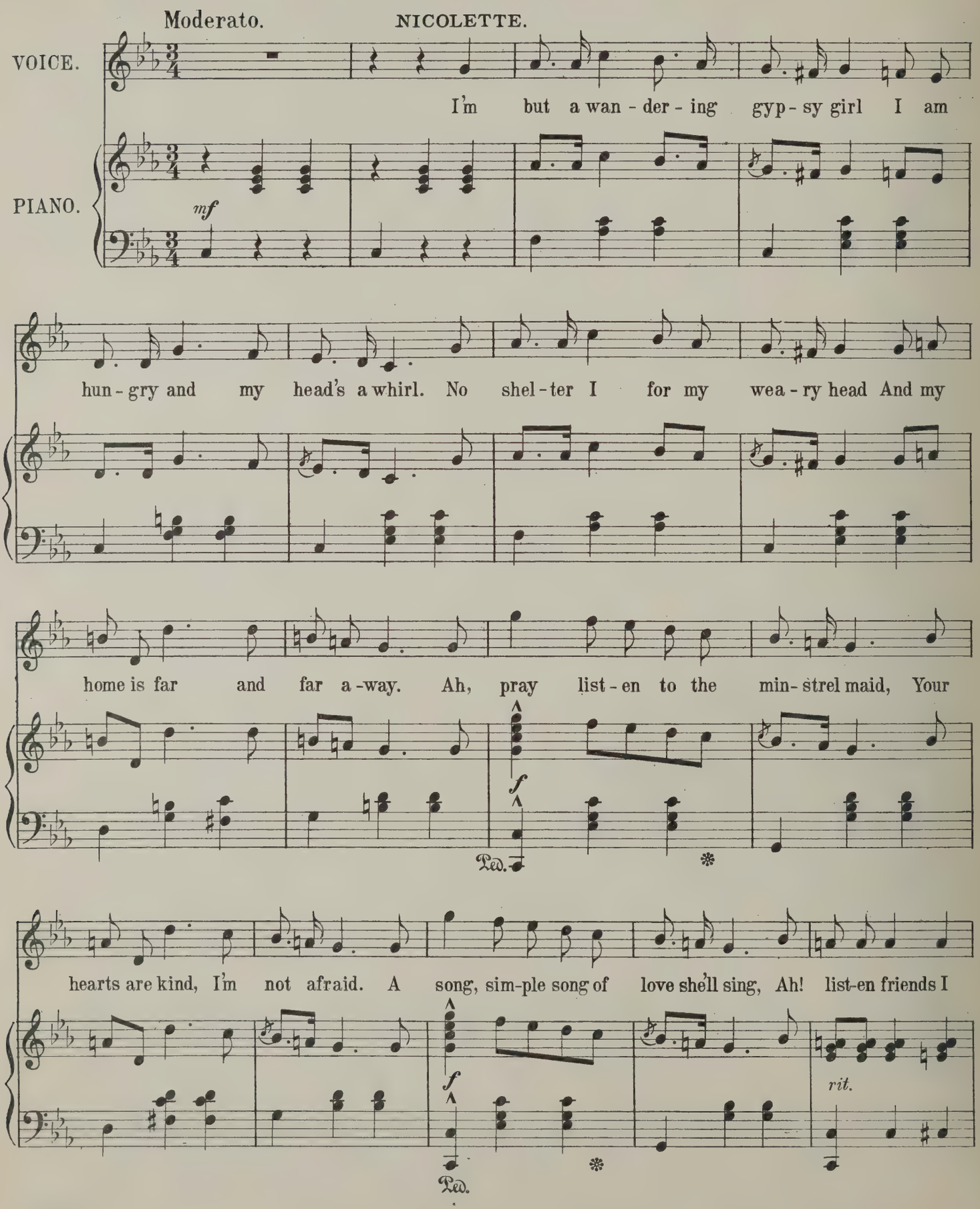
1. 2.

waiting yet! He is yet!
waiting yet! He is yet!
waiting yet! He is yet!
waiting yet! He is yet!

1. 2.

I'm but a Wandering Gypsy Girl.

No. 22. NICOLETTE AND CHORUS.



a tempo.

pray. A maid-en fair did give her plight To one she thought a gal-lant knight, Tho'

staccato.

ban-ish'd from his fa-ther's land, She pledg'd her heart and hand. Oh, where's the knight so

f

tall and fair Who lov'd the maid with gold-en hair, Oh is he near or is he far? Oh

an - swer sweet gui - tar. Oh, tra la la la la la la la tra la la la

f

accel.

Ped. *

Tra la la la Tra la la la la la la la Tra la la la la. Oh

fz

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS.

Tra la la la la la la la Tra la la la Tra la la la

TENORS AND BASSES.

accel.

Tra la la la la la la la Tra la la la la la.

f

f

Goddess of the Glorious Vine.

No. 23.

DRINKING SONG.

AUCASSIN AND CHORUS.

Allegro brillante.

SOPRANO. ALTO.

TENOR. BASS.

PIANO.

f

All pledge a toast with our brave host, with our brave host! All pledge a toast with our brave host!

Ped.

AUCASSIN.

staccato.

Thou god-dess of the glorious vine, What pow'r o'er man is thine! Thy spar-kle's like a woman's glance And

a tempo.

staccato.

rit. *a tempo.*

sets the blood of men a-dance. Thy breath is like the per-fum'd air that floats o'er flow'r and tree! En -

rit. *a tempo.*

cresc.

chantress thou, bewitchest me, in praise I sing of thee. When to my lips I raise the cup, thy

cresc. *a tempo.*

rit.

touch is like a wom - - an's kiss! A kiss, a kiss, And

f *rit.*

f *rit.*

where is there anoth - er friend in all the world, in all the world like this?

f *rit.*

Ped. 3 *

CHORUS AND AUCASSIN.

a tempo. *cresc.*

Thy breath is like the per - fum'd air that floats o'er flow'r and tree! En -

a tempo. *cresc.*

e rit. *f* AUCASSIN SOLO.

a tempo.

chan-tress, thou bewitch - est us, In praise we sing of thee! Fill, fill up your glass-es

f

e rit. *f* *a tempo.*

drink with me! All sor - row pass - es, Joy is free! Fill up the

rit.

glass-es all with ro - sy wine and loud-ly praise the glorious vine, And loud - ly praise the

rit.

(*Aucassin sings sustained notes.*)

a tempo.

vine! Then fill the glass with ro - sy wine and loud-ly praise the vine, Then

a tempo.

cresc. e rit.

TUTTI.

ff

fill the glass with ro - sy wine and loud - ly praise the vine!

cresc. e rit.

ff

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